APRIL, 1903.

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

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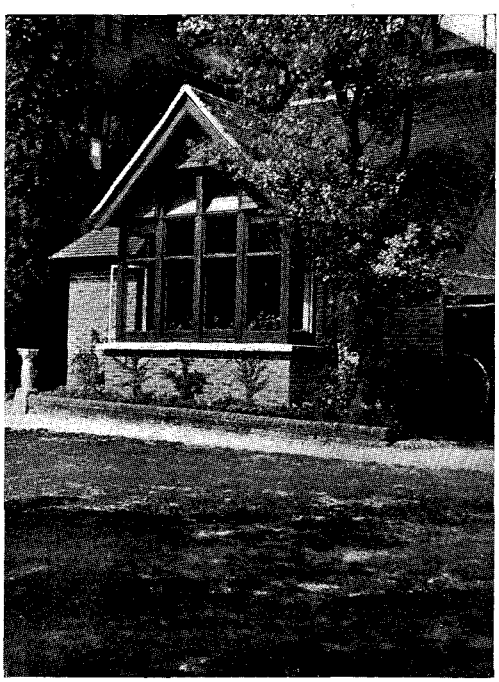
The Late "Edna Lyall."

The death from pneumonia following influenza of Miss Ellen Bayly, better known as "Edna Lyall," removes, if not a great novelist, one who enjoyed a large amount of popularity, especially with women novel-readers. She was the youngest daughter of the late Robert Bayly, a barrister of the Inner Temple, and was born at Brighton about forty years ago. She began to write when a schoolgirl, her first published book being *Won by Waiting,* issued in 1879, which, although an interesting love story, was not remarkable. Well reviewed, it sold less than four hundred copies until the appearance of *Donovan* (1882) and *We Two* (1884), which placed her in the front rank of the religio-social order of novelist. That book appeared at an opportune moment, when the Bradlaugh dispute was engaging public attention, and it lost nothing from the fact that it was reported that in Luke Raeburn, the atheist, the novelist had sought to present a portrait of the then notorious Charles Bradlaugh. These books were followed at somewhat irregular intervals by *In the Golden Days* (1885), *Their Happiest Christmas* (1886), *Knight Errant* (1887), *The Autobiography of a Slander* (1887), *A Hardy Norseman* (1889), *Derrick Vaughan* (1889), a story of literary life embodying some of the early experiences of Miss Bayly herself; *To Right the Wrong* (1892), *Doreen, the Story of a Singer* (1894), *Wayfaring Men* (1897), *Hope, the Hermit* (1898), *In Spite of All* (1901), and *The Hinderers,* published last year. Miss Bayly, though in her later work never equalling the two novels which made her name a household word, was possessed of considerable gifts of imagination and of an easy and felicitous style. All her books are marked by an earnestness and high purpose, and undoubtedly at the time of the publication of *Donovan* and *We Two* exercised a considerable influence on the lay religious thought and tendency of the time. Miss Bayly was also the author of several smaller books and pamphlets, but wrote comparatively few short stories. Her will expressed her desire to be cremated, which wish has been duly carried out. For some years prior to her death she resided at College Road, Eastbourne, in a pretty house, of which we are able to give a picture.



"EDNA LYALL'S" HOME IN EASTBOURNE.

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A Novel about Denis Kearney.

A first book which is arousing a great deal of genuine interest in California is Mrs. Fremont Older's *The Socialist and the Prince.* The incidents of the story centre about Denis Kearney, the Sand Lot Riot man, to whom James Bryce devoted several pages in his *American Commonwealth.* Kearney, who still lives in San Francisco, was a drayman, whereas Mrs. Older makes her socialist a gentleman; but the picturesque events of the late seventies in San Francisco are all woven into the book.

MRS. OLDER.

Mrs. Older—Cora Miranda Older—is by birth a Syracuse woman. She is the wife of the managing editor of the San Francisco *Bulletin.* Not only is this her first novel, but hitherto she has written very few short stories. She is not a member of the artistic or Bohemian sets in San Francisco, but is socially very popular. She is now at work on a second novel, which has been accepted by early publication.

'Looking Ahead' Novels.

One of the books which had the largest sales in 1902, written by a man who was widely known before he became the author of a popular novel, was considerably changed in the form in which it was printed from the manuscript which was sent originally to the publishers. In its first draft the concluding chapter told how one of the characters of the story blew up the Capitol at Washington. The author was finally made to see that this was utterly preposterous, and, with more or less reluctance, he consented to its omission. Catastrophies on this monumental scale do not fit into novels of contemporary life, although they may legitimately be used in what might be called "looking ahead" stories. If, writing in the present year of grace 1903, you began with the statement that your tale deals with 1920 or thereabouts, you are at perfect liberty to rearrange the world to suit yourself. You may introduce the Emperor of Pennsylvania or the Shah of North Dakota; you may strip Great Britain of her ships and her colonies and describe her as a Venezuelan province; you may endow Switzerland with a mighty navy, and paint the orgies of a Midway Plaisance at the North Pole—if only you begin with the assurance that it is of the years of the future that you are writing. The late Frank R. Stockton, in *The Great War Syndicate,* told a rattling good story of an imaginary war between the United States and Great Britain; a war which resulted in the utter discomfiture of the British Navy, but which cost the contending nations only one life. Robert W. Chambers, in *The King in Yellow,* written about ten years ago, described the New York City of 1904.

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We recall two short and entertaining magazine serials purporting to have been written by one who signed himself facetiously "Quatre Étoiles." One of them dealt with the attempted invasion of the United States by the armies of England and Germany; the second told how the French army invaded England, and how the Anglo-French Republic came into existence.

MR. DWIGHT TILTON. AUTHOR OF "ON SATAN'S MOUNT."

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About as downright audacious a book in this respect as we have ever read is Mr. Dwight Tilton's *On Satan's Mount,* which has just been published in a bright red cover and with a frontispiece which, to say the least, is in very bad taste. But we are going to pass that by and take up the subject of the story. It is such preposterous and ridiculous nonsense, marked by so much unbridled imagination that, while we should not care to read very many like it within a month, this one we found really entertaining and up to a certain point are able to recommend it. In the matter of style Mr. Tilton writes about as well as Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter, though he lacks much of the latter gentleman's wit and dash. But it is not the style which impresses us in *On Satan's Mount,* nor is it the manner in which the material is handled, nor the quality of the dialogue, but that riotous prodigality of episode which removes the book, whatever else may be said of it, very far from the commonplace. Phillip Craig is no ordinary hero, and it is with perfect gravity and self-possession that Mr. Tilton elevates him to the dignity of President of the United States,

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though he finds it necessary to blow up President Roosevelt (President Burlingame) and to dismiss an entire Cabinet in order to do so. The author does not go out of his way to disguise his characters. The senior Senator from New York, for instance—and a fine, wily old schemer he is—is referred to diplomatically as Senator Pratt; while the head of the money power in America, the great financier, the owner of steamship lines and railway systems, is introduced as John Peter Norton.

THACKERAY. PLASTER STATUETTE MODELLED BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

The Atelier in Fiction.

The atmosphere of the atelier has been reproduced so often in fiction since the days of *La Vie de Bohême* that it is curious how few authors have thought it worth while to make the artist's model the central figure and to study the complications that arise from the clash between human passions and the selfish absorption of the artistic temperament. A good illustration of the possibilities of such a situation is contained in a short story, we forget for the moment whether by Prévost or the Brothers Margueritte or some other of the younger French writers. It concerns the young wife of a rising French artist whose specialty runs to nymphs and dryads and sleeping Venuses. She is not precisely jealous, but she has fallen to brooding over the long hours that her husband spends over his work, and she grudges the glances and the thoughts which he bestows upon his models and which she feels belong to her. Finally, she reaches the point where jealousy overcomes her natural repugnance to such a step, and she proposes a bargain to her husband. If he will dismiss his models she will take their place. And he, not stopping to weigh either her motives or the consequences, accepts with alacrity. But the bargain is not a success. No sooner has the artist begun to work than his wife experiences a new sensation. For the first time she finds his eyes bent upon her not in admiration, but with the critical and dispassionate absorption of the true artist. For the time being she has ceased to be a woman; she is merely a sexless thing, a means to an end, like his colours or his palette or brush. And suddenly the look of absorption changes to a frown of irritation, of surprised displeasure. He crosses the room and lays an accusing finger upon her as he might have done upon any hired model who disappointed his expectations. *"Tiens,"* he says, *"vous*

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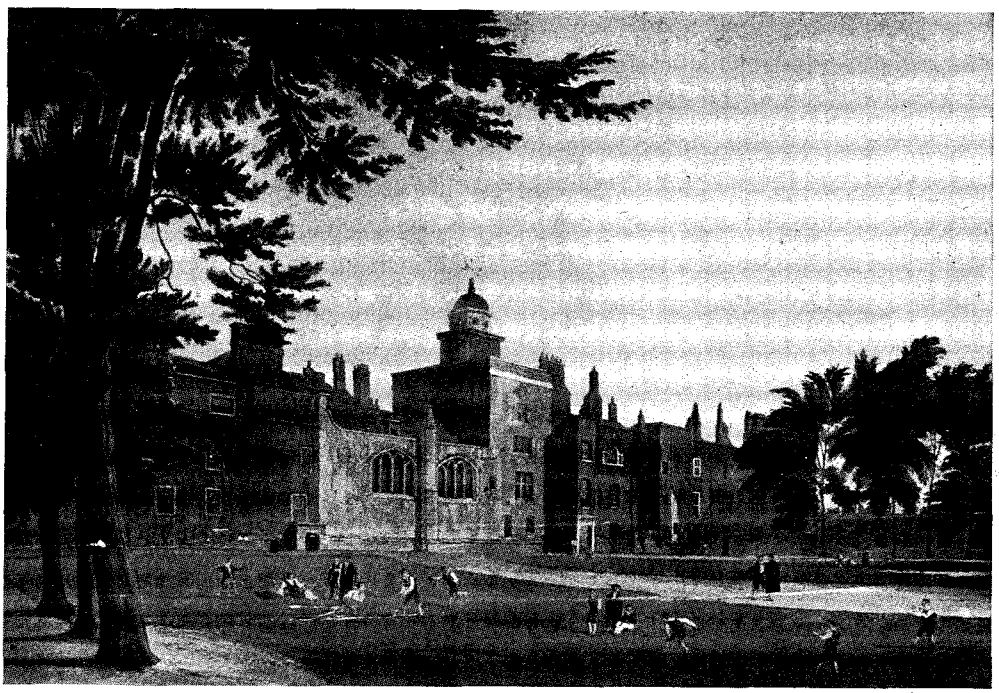
avez une tâche!" He had discovered a flaw, an unexpected blemish upon her shoulder. The seance ends abruptly and the artist goes back to his models. But henceforward his wife knows better than to be jealous. She simply is rather sorry for them.

Probably the frankest serious study that was ever made by a novelist of an artist's struggle between the claims of the senses on one side and his devotion to his art on the other is *L'Œuvre,* by Zola, who follows out the tragedy through its logical conclusion, where Claude Lantier, finding that the senses are winning the victory, expiates his weakness by hanging himself in front of his last unfinished picture. This volume to be understood should be read in connection with Zola's early and abortive series of criticisms on the Paris salon of 1866, a series which gave much offence at the time and which were afterward republished in a volume of miscellanies entitled *Mes Haines.* Considering how persistently *L'Œuvre* is neglected by critics who express frank admiration for *L'Assommoir, La Débâcle,* and other volumes of the series, it is interesting to find an enthusiastic appreciation of the book in a recent number of the Vienna *Zeit.* "In *L'Œuvre,"* says the writer, "Zola gave classic form to the dreams of an entire generation of painters. It was like a revelation when the first translation reached Munich and came into the hands of the students at the Academy. Copies were passed from one hand to another. Whole chapters were read aloud in the studios. At the evening rendezvous it was the one subject of discussion. What every one had felt here found utterance."



THE CHARTERHOUSE DURING THE TIME THACKERAY WAS THERE AS A PUPIL.

It would be interesting to know whether Edna Kenton, the young Chicago journalist who is the author of a recently published novel, *What Manner of Man?* ever read Zola's *L'Œuvre.* It would be equally interesting to know whether she has read William Black's *Princess of Thule.* Whether a mere coincidence or not, the fact remains that if you took Mr. Black's heroine, Sheila, and

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placed her in the atmosphere of Zola's story, you would get very near to a duplicate of the situation in *What Manner of Man?* For a first book this story possesses an unexpected degree of interest. It is not free from faults of construction. The opening chapters, for instance, form a sort of prologue which we personally think might have been dispensed with without any serious sacrifice. The central figure is an English artist, one Kirk Thayer, who has already made a name for himself when he paints his great portrait of Mrs. Davenport, a portrait which has "caught her living soul" and which "has a haunting sob about the mouth." This Mrs. Davenport is a mysterious

MR. JAMES WEBER LINN, WHOSE NOVEL, "THE CHAMELEON" IS REVIEWED IN THIS NUMBER.

MISS EDNA KENTON, AUTHOR OF "WHAT MANNER OF MAN?"

young woman who has made the success of the London season, and who is said to have a husband in some remote corner of the world. Just what her feelings are toward Thayer the author chooses to make a mystery of, but the artist is emboldened by the success of his portrait to ask a great favour. He has in contemplation an audacious picture, a "Supreme Martyrdom of a Christian Maiden before Nero." He has vainly sought over half the continent of Europe for a model who will combine the classic purity of form with the requisite innocence of face. In the interest of art and of friendship, will Mrs. Davenport come to the rescue? Through a succession of chapters, which are clever but not quite natural, the author leaves Mrs. Davenport's answer an open question. When it does come it is a negative, and here the real story begins. While cruising among the islands to the north of Scotland, Thayer has come across a young girl, the daughter of an island chief, who owns no allegiance to any king or country. The girl is primitive and untutored, but physically she might have been the younger sister of

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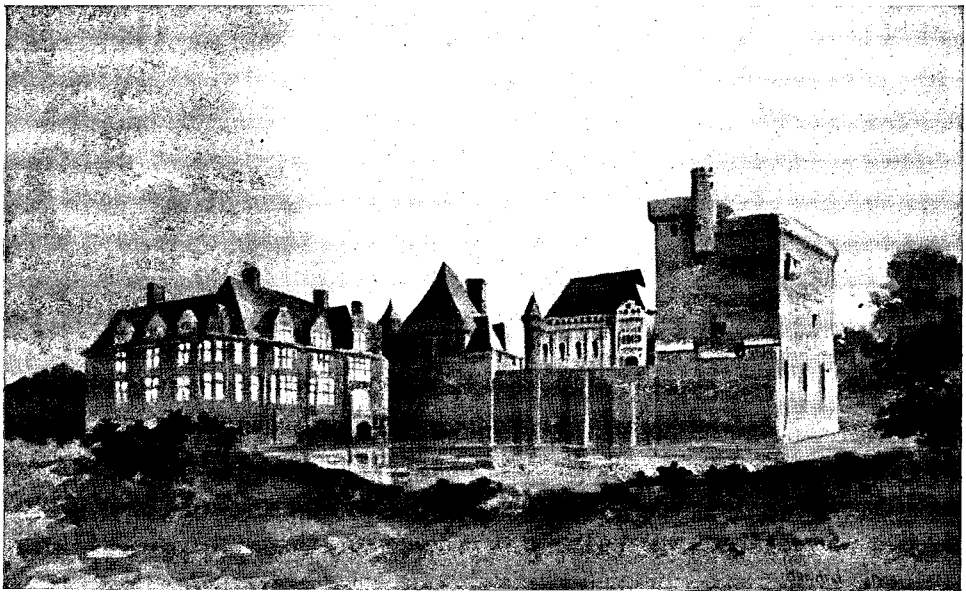

THE CASTLE OF ZENDA.

Mrs. Davenport. She has the same wonderful coppery gleams in her hair, the same lithe figure, and even a greater purity and innocence of feature. Thayer does not love her, but he sees in her the one model requisite for his great picture. For this picture he will pay any price, even the price of matrimony. So he woos and wins the girl in cold blood and brings her back to his London studio to a life for which she has had no preparation and a martyrdom of which she has no warning. He gives her time to accustom herself to the new surroundings, breaking to her gradually the part that he expects her to play in his new picture. And she, because she really loves the man and believes in his love for her, masters her offended pride and does her best to serve him. Her unworldliness is so great that his brief explanation of the picture has no meaning to her, and as the days go by and the novelty of the task wears off the look of distress and of outraged innocence which the artist valued for his purpose beyond all the rest gradually fades from her face. All this time he has worked upon the figure. He has left the face to the last. And one morning it suddenly dawns upon him that he has waited too long, that the very look which he has sought throughout Europe to find has escaped him, he throws the mask aside. He lets her know why he married her. He explains in unmistakable terms the real significance, the true horror of the picture, and taunts her with her lack of sensibility; and then when the truth bursts upon her, and while she shrinks back half fainting, with a look of growing horror in her eyes, he seizes his brushes and paints feverishly, desperately, in mad haste, as one might paint a dying slave upon the rack, fearful lest the expression may fade and a merciful unconsciousness take its place before it can be recorded upon the canvas. In the conclusion of the story we find less interest. It could scarcely end otherwise than in tragedy, and the author has wisely attempted nothing else. But the really interesting thing in the book is this aspect of the artistic nature, this absorption in the creative work which results in a cruelty as unconscious as that of a child tearing a butterfly wing from wing.

Some Impressions of Anthony Hope.

Somehow it seems that many, many years have passed since we first came to know Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, at present a guest upon our shores, and first fell under the charm of *The Prisoner of Zenda*. Those

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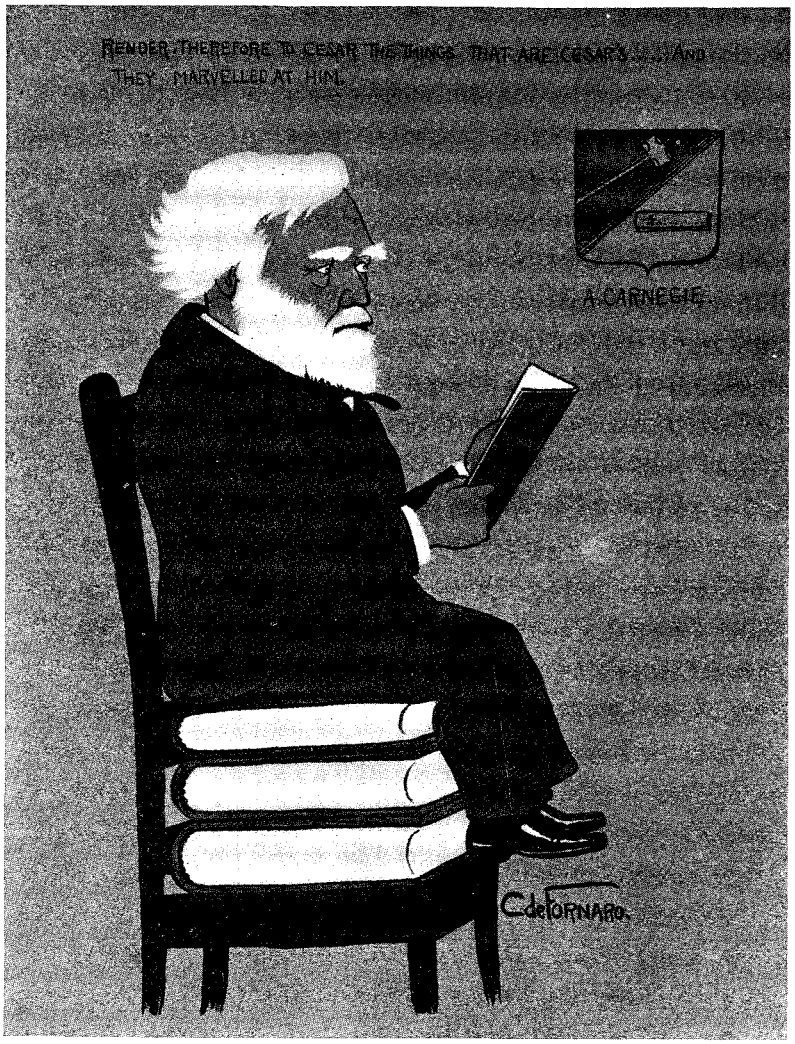
years Mr. Hawkins has used to good advantage. He has been writing novels, none of them great, but all more or less admirable; he has lost nothing of his cleverness and has learned much in the handling of the machinery of fiction, yet he has never found again, nor has any one of his imitators found, the note which made they all were! Between the two books the author had lost the note. The Land of the Fading Twilight, the Wonderland of Real Romance, which we knew in *The Prisoner of Zenda,* had slipped away from him forever, and in place of the intangible and haunting Strelsau, where Rassendyl was crowned King of Ruri-



MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE. BY C. DE FORNARO.

The Prisoner of Zenda different from all other books, and the one of his books that is likely to live and to be remembered. To show how ephemeral this note was, one has only to point to *Rupert of Hentzau.* The sequel told of the same Strelsau, of the same people, and yet how different tania, he gave us in *Rupert of Hentzau* a commonplace city of mortar and brick and stone. His men and women also seem different, especially his women. Not only in *The Prisoner of Zenda,* but also in the first series of *Dolly Dialogues,* did he draw for us a woman whose very un-

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reality constituted her charm. In the Anthony Hope woman of that period coquetry was the dominant trait. She delighted in testing her powers, and practised impartially on the rouged and padded dandies of Hyde Park and Piccadilly. Her creator was never impertinently inquisitive, and he checked any such tendency on the part of his readers. His aim seemed to be to show just as much of her as would be seen by their acquaintance in actual life; to paint the portrait and let you draw your own conclusion. His is a drawing-room acquaintance. If she did anything very wise or very silly, he told you of it, but beyond a certain limit her confidences were inviolate. Perhaps it was the very oddity of this respectful deference that made her so entertaining. Novelists had been making so much of motives, that it was pleasant to meet a writer who bade you guess. In his study of women Mr. Hawkins had been to school with Austin Dobson. His men were thoroughly Saxon, but his woman did not seem English at all. Her postures, her gestures, her coquetry recalled the red-heeled days of seigneurial France. In spite of environment she belonged to the court at Marli or Versailles, and one could not read of Lady "Dolly" calling for her carriage without thinking that it really ought to have been a Sedan chair.

Mute at every word you utter,
Servant to your least frill flutter,
Belle Marquise.
As you sit there growing prouder,
And your ringed hands glance and go."

The March Lion, the Spring Lamb, and other Natives: "Here, Spring, we've captured one of those fellows who has been writing poetry about you."

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We do not recall that any critic of the books which deal with the Kingdom of Ruritania has ever pointed out that the Elphbergs, the reigning family, offered a curious study for the literary pathologist. There was in the blood a touch of insanity, which cropped out in the deeds of the "Lion" of *The Heart of Princess Osra,* as it did hundreds of years later in that Rudolph who was imprisoned under the moat of the Castle of Zenda by Black Michael. There was not one of them but was queer, and the Rudolf who reigned in Strelsau when the Princess Osra learned the lesson of love, did and said things which would have sent any ordinary mortal to the *maison de santé.* He passed from transports of rage to wild laughter in the twinkling of an eye. He had a strange and incomprehensible sense of humour, which was a characteristic of all the Elphbergs; he laughed when we expected him to curse and blasphemed at what should have provoked his mirth. The Kingdom of Ruritania was of itself an achievement. In *A Man of Mark,* Anthony Hope had written of an imaginary South American republic; but an imaginary kingdom in the heart of modern Europe was quite another thing. To have sent a Don Quixote travelling in a first-class railroad carriage, to find and fight windmills and to have made people while reading believe in the man, the deeds and the environment, was surely no small thing. The geographical lay of the kingdom has often been hinted at, and we may make a rough guess by studying the railroad itinerary of Rassendyl; but it belonged in a minor primarily to the Fading Twilight, the borderland of night and day, of reality and myth. So do the scenes of *As You Like It* and of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* belong to the fading twilight; and those of Théophile Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin* and the *Pilgrim's Progress.* They say that the last is a wonderful allegory, that Giant Pope is a prodigious dig at Rome; that the book should be read in a studious, thoughtful and reverent frame of mind. Perhaps it should. For our part, we confess to liking it better as a romance, and shall always think of the son of the Bedford tinker with Walter Scott and Eugène Sue and Dumas as a great amuser. There are any number of apparently inextricable situations, plenty of stout blows; the narrative has all the contrivances of stirring fiction. Greatheart is as delightful as the Count of Monte Cristo, and possesses the same omniscience and omnipotence. In finding in this land of the Fading Twilight men and motives, in making it the scene of action and passion, the romantic quality, while a factor, is not of itself enough. In the tales of Scott, of Dumas, the scene of action is a sphere distinctly our own. Brian de Bois Guilbert, Quentin Durward, Le Balafré, no matter who the character or what the historical period, people the world of men and things tangible; D'Artagnan struts the streets of old Paris, his rapier half out of its scabbard, his dexterity, his unflagging spirits, his dash, amaze and delight; but he is above all human, and his environment is material and real.

On the other hand, in *As You Like It* or *Mademoiselle de Maupin* or the "Zenda" stories, the landscape is a mirage. The reader feels the unsubstantiality of the hills, valleys, and cities described, and admiring the beauty of an ivy-covered turret or wall, knows it to be but an illusory vapour that would yield at the touch. Of the same substance are the Valley of the Shadow of Death, Doubting Castle, the Vale of Humiliation, where Christian played the man—who cares what the names may mean or what the purport of the moral lesson? Of all the corners of this Fading Twilight region, the Valley of the Shadow of Death is the strangest and weirdest. Sunlight does not penetrate there. The everlasting hills roll majestically away until the last summits are lost in mist. The air is heavy with silence. It is the land of Poe's "Ulalume," of ashen skies, the "misty mid region of Weir," the "ghost-haunted woodland of Weir." There are waters—dead waters—the dim, dark tarn of Auber. Out in the region of Fading Twilight there is brightness, too. Tall, white châteaus loom up on the horizon—mysterious Ehrensteins. There is an unearthly balm in the air. The herbage and the foliage are supernaturally green. Sunlight there is from the twilight. To this strangely beautiful Wonderland belong the forest scenes of *As You Like It,* the hedges, hills and bowers of *Mademoiselle de Maupin,* the Delectable Mountains, and Strelsau,

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the Castle of Zenda, and the broad Kingdom of Ruritania. In reading *The Prisoner of Zenda,* we passed enchanted through the streets of Strelsau in the wake of the coronation procession of the sham King; we heard the clank of arms, the music, the cheers of the people of the New Town and the low murmurings of Black Michael's adherents in the Old Quarter. We stood under the arches of the great cathedral, and we realised that it was all as the substance of a dream. The very men-at-arms who guard the entrance were but shadows; Rassendyl, Sapt, young Von Tarlenheim, Flavia, seemed ready to vanish like the mist.

❧

Some Assassins of Fiction.

In a very good sensational story which we read in manuscript a few weeks ago we found some things which we believe to be absolutely new in picturesque assassination in fiction. In this story the man murdered is so surrounded by friends and apparently so completely shut off from any danger that the most ingenious reader will be utterly at a loss to guess how the assassin could possibly have reached him. Yet the explanation is comparatively simple, and probably without a parallel in fiction. It would be unfair to the author of the book, which will probably be published some time this year, to say anything more than this; but thinking of it calls attention to the variety of devices to which novelists resort to put their characters out of the way when such suppression is necessary. When it is a case of assassination for dramatic effect, the more *outré* and ghastly the method used, the keener the reader's sensations; so the clever thrill-maker usually avoids commonplace means of slaying and is careful to bespatter the scene freely with blood, or else to introduce something uncanny, like a subtle poison or some venomous reptile.

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When it was a question of murder, Dickens was usually satisfied with ordinary methods; he kept his *bizarre* effects for such characters as he himself, *qua* author, had to put out of the way. Lawyer Tulkinghorn, in *Bleak House,* is respectably shot in his house in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The father of Barnaby Rudge uses a knife for the perpetration of his crime; Sir John Chester in the same book is killed in a sword duel. N. le Marquis, in *A Tale of Two Cities,* is found in his bed stabbed to the heart; the vague criminal of *Little Dorrit* is addicted to the use of the knife; while Nancy, in *Oliver Twist,* is quietly and genteelly done to death with a club. Then there is Jonas Chuzzlewit, who has been happily called "the most shadowy murderer in fiction," and some others. On the whole, Dickens may be said to have treated the assassin and his trade with marked deference and attention. But as has been said, his methods were usually of the straightforward kind, and he resorts to the grotesque chiefly for the disposal of inconvenient characters. The grinning Carker of *Dombey and Son* is ground to death under the wheels of a locomotive at a French railway station; Quilp, of *The Old Curiosity Shop,* is dramatically drowned; Bill Sykes's neck is broken by the rope meant for his escape; Bradley Headstone and his enemy go together to the bottom of the canal; while the mysterious Krook, of *Bleak House,* is disposed of by spontaneous combustion.

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Of course, it is hard to find much of the sort in Thackeray. Frank Esmond and his daughter's suitor, the Duke of Hamilton, were both struck down by the sword of Lord Mohun; and there are two or three murders in *Catherine.* Thackeray undoubtedly possessed great powers in this line, and at one time seriously considered writing a novel after the style of the elder Dumas, to whom we owe some of the finest of all the assassins of fiction. Turn to the volumes which bear his name, and you find not merely a few occasional murders; you discover a holocaust. Dumas's scoundrels all partake of their creator's prodigality, and seem to revel in generous carnage and lust prodigiously for blood. Dumas was better at drawing a simple cutthroat than an assassin, and D'Artagnan snuffs out a human life as gallantly and amiably as any hero in fiction. Sue's assassins are wild animals, bent upon turning society into an abattoir. *The Mysteries of Paris* and *Le Juif Errant* are conceptions as horrible and as insane as Victor Hugo's *L'Homme qui Rit.* The Englishman who follows the menagerie over Europe to see the animals

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devour their trainer is a triumph of morbid imagination. Ponson du Terrail, whose works are practically unknown in this country, drew out of secret murder dramatic effects of which his contemporaries never dreamed. Of him one of the Goncourts once said: "There is but one man of genius among us—he is Ponson du Terrail. Nobody handles assassination as he does. He is the Shakespeare of secret murder."

Turning to the writers of the present day, Mr. Kipling, for one, has given us a few excellent assassins, most of them Orientals. There was, for instance, the Indian servant in "The Recrudescence of Imray," who, after neatly cutting his master's throat, conceals the body behind the ceiling cloth of the bungalow, and who when his guilt is discovered kills himself by pressing into his heel the fang of a poisonous serpent. Then there are two excellent murderers in Bimi and Bartrand; the modern Bill Sykes, who thrashes Badalia Herodsfoot to death; the queen murderess in *The Naulahka;* not to speak of the "Danny Deevers" who use their rifles to blow off the top of a comrade's head. The strangest crime in all Kipling's stories, that told in "The Mark of the Beast," failed to become a tragedy through the intervention of Strickland.

But the arch criminal among literary murderers of the present day is undoubtedly the genial author of *The White Company.* Not only do the victims of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle surpass those of any of his contemporaries in the matter of numbers; in many cases their deaths have been brought about by an uncanny and diabolical ingenuity. Beside him the Borgias appear clumsy bunglers. Every tool for assassination will be found in his kit, and he makes use of them all, but not with the same relish. If he is obliged to pistol a character, he does so with obvious regret—he seems to intimate that in confining himself to so ordinary a weapon he is depriving you of an additional thrill and himself of a keener pleasure. Poisoned darts, venomous serpents, fatal treasure chests, are more in his line; and where most men like to step in at the last moment and save an unobjectionable character unless his destruction is positively necessary, you will find none of this humane weakness on the part of Dr. Doyle. Fully one-third his crimes could have been avoided without trouble, so we can attribute his reluctance to holding his hand only to downright bloodthirstiness.

A course in Conan Doyle may be said to be a complete literary education in the gentle art of assassination—the classics, mathematics, the "ologies," modern languages, and all the "extras" thrown in. It would be a positive pleasure to write the prospectus for "Dr. Doyle's Academy of Crime," and also to compose some testimonials which could be used for purposes of judicious advertisement. "This admirable institution, while aiming primarily at the intellectual training and development of the pupils, by no means neglects their physical welfare. *Mens sana in corpore sano,* as the Latins used to say. The hours of recreation from mental activity are devoted to healthy athletic training. An admirably equipped gymnasium and a corps of eminent professors. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, from 2 to 3 P. M., practice in the artistic use of the sandbag. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays from 10 to 11 A. M., instruction in the proper handling of the bludgeon, etc., etc. . . . The Art Department, under the direction of Professor Stapleton, R. A. Elaborate training in the painting of spectral hounds, etc, etc. . . . For terms, etc., apply to ———."

We take pleasure in reproducing a very fine likeness of President Hadley of Yale, from the portrait lately painted by Mr. Frank Fowler, N.A. The commission was given by some gentlemen who have presented the portrait to the Yale Club of this city, where it now hangs, and where it gives the greatest satisfaction to all Yale men who see it; for the artist has managed with remarkable insight and equal skill to transfer to his canvas the most subtle characteristics of a very complex and individual personality.

Dated from Odessa.

The following paragraph, which appeared in one of the New York newspapers a few weeks ago, may or may not be authentic. At any rate, it suggests a plot that has been worked over and over again in fiction,

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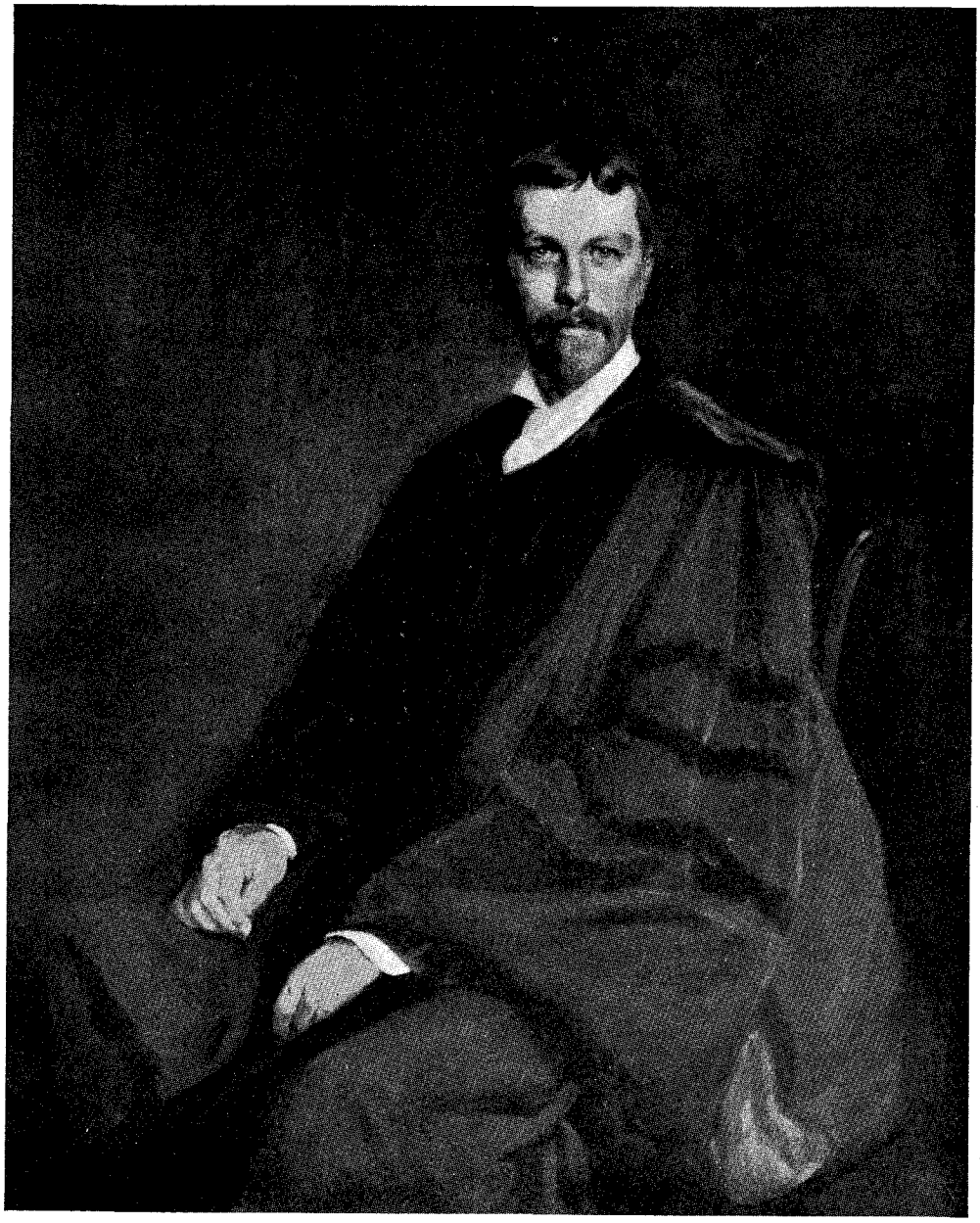

PRESIDENT HADLEY OF YALE.

From a Painting by Frank Fowler, N. A.

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and usually by writers of power and repute. First, Balzac made use of it in "La Grande Bretèche;" then Poe introduced it in his gruesome story of "The Cask of Amontillado;" Dr. Conan Doyle played upon it in "The New Catacomb,"

ODESSA, March 1.—A remarkable story, which sounds almost impossible in this twentieth century, comes from Baku. It is alleged that a stonemason while at work was recently kidnapped and compelled to wall up a living woman.

EGERTON CASTLE, WHOSE LATEST NOVEL, "THE STAR DREAMER," IS REVIEWED IN THIS NUMBER.

a story which will be found among the collection under the title *The Green Flag, and Other Stories;* and, finally, Mrs. Edith Wharton treated it in another way, in her short tale "The Duchess at Prayer."

The mason was seized by two men, who drove up in a covered carriage; his head was enveloped in a sack, and he was driven away rapidly in a direction he was unable to indicate.

After a lengthy drive, which was accomplished at a good speed, the carriage stopped,

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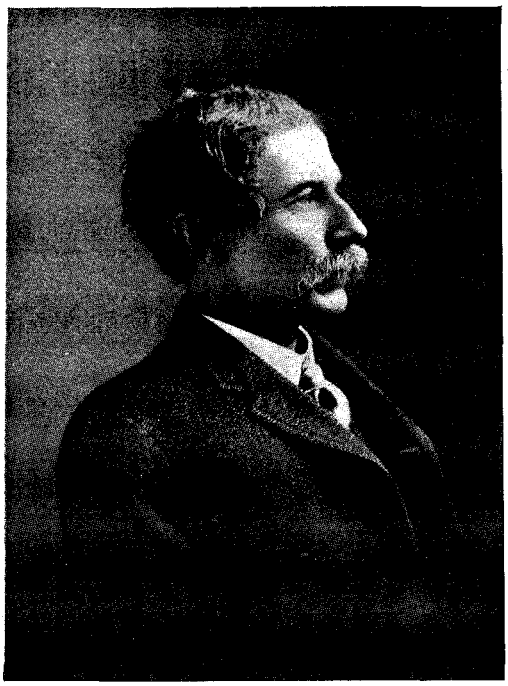

MR. GEORGE S. WASSON. AUTHOR OF "CAP'N SIMEON'S STORE."

MRS. MARGARET DOYLE JACKSON. AUTHOR OF "THE DAUGHTER OF THE PIT."

and the workman was taken to an empty room in a house apparently some distance from the town. From a large hole in the wall the terrified face of a woman looked out, and a man in a mask ordered the mason to brick up the wall.

Seeing that a terrible crime was about to be perpetrated, the man refused, but, on being threatened with a revolver, was compelled to do the work, and the wall was filled up. He was again muffled in the sack and driven back to Baku, where he was released.

The police were informed of what had taken place, but no traces of the kidnappers could be discovered, and the victim was released.

It is said that the woman condemned to die behind the bricked-up wall was a Mohammedan, and that her husband had revenged himself on her in this terrible manner for her infidelity.

George S. Wasson.

George S. Wasson, the artist-author, whose book on the life of deep-sea fishermen, *Cap'n Simeon's Store,* will be published this month, was born at Groveland, Massachusetts, on the Merrimac River, in 1855. His grandfather was a ship-builder and several of his uncles were sea captains, so it is natural enough that he should have a liking for the sea. He also comes of good literary stock, as his father, the late David Atwood Wasson, was a famous Unitarian preacher, philosophical writer, and a true poet. Wasson studied art abroad for several years, at a German Kunst-Schule and elsewhere. On his return he located in Boston and became the pupil of Joseph Foxcroft Cole, sharing the studio with him for several years. He was a member of the St. Botolph and Art clubs, and at the caricature exhibitions of the Paint and Clay Club the sense of humour that infuses his writings produced things so irresistibly funny as to be the talk of the town. He has confined his work to marines and shore subjects. In a small sloop, built largely by himself, he has scoured the New England coast, sketching whatever caught his fancy. In 1889 he built his present house and studio at Kittery Point, Maine, in order that he might be near the sea throughout the year. Of late he has been giving much attention to literary work, and is taking rank as one of the writers of New England salt-water character sketches.

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"OUIDA" (LOUISE DE LA RAMÉE).

See Article, page 153.

A Good Thing: "Push it Along."

There is one periodical, soon to be published, which we intend to welcome with especial warmth. It is the *Navy League Journal*, which is to be the official organ of the Navy League of the United States. The paper will be similar in character to the *British Navy League Journal* and the *German Monthly*. We reprint the following from the *Army and Navy Journal*, because we believe that every reader of THE BOOKMAN should see it:

The scope of the League is as broad as the continent. Every reputable man, woman and child in the country is eligible to membership. There is no politics, no sectionalism, no selfish personal interest to serve in the undertaking. The one object is to help the United States Navy, and to that end it proposes to appeal to the patriotism of the American people, and then have the people appeal in their own way to Congress for means of supplying the Navy's needs. It is hoped through agencies, yet to be devised, to eventually acquaint every household and every boy in the country with the work which the League wants to accomplish. The plan considers the establishment of branches of the League in every city and town where there is a desire to co-operate in the enterprise, and through these branches all available means will be employed to arouse and maintain an intelligent popular interest in the Navy.

The national peace and honour must henceforth depend upon the Navy. The Navy depends upon Congress and Congress depends upon the people. The Navy League, therefore, proposes to educate the people in naval affairs and to enlist their support in behalf of a

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policy which shall ensure more ships, more officers and men with better training for both, and a great naval reserve composed of hardy, patriotic young men who can be instantly called to the nation's defence in time of need.

The project thus briefly outlined is a large one, but not larger than the need it is meant to supply. Can it be successfully executed? For reply we need only refer to the work of the German Navy League, which, since it was organised in April, 1898, has acquired a membership of more than 700,000, with branches in every town and hamlet in the Empire. The result of the educational work carried on through these agencies is that the German people who, six years ago, never dreamed of a great sea power for the Empire, are to-day as one man in support of a vigorous policy of naval expansion. In remote inland communities where warships were unheard-of things a few years ago the people now read with pride and growing intelligence the story of Germany's splendid squadrons. The German boy reads the official bulletin of the German Navy League; his hat bears a ribbon inscribed with the League's insignia; his mother and sisters wear earrings and other trinkets similarly adorned—and all these articles are sources of income to the central fund, which means the addition of new and mighty battleships to the German fleets. During the year 1901 the German Navy League gained 350,000 new members, *many of them recruited in the United States.* It distributed millions of books and pamphlets, placed coloured pictures of German cruisers in more than twenty thousand schools, provided thousands of free lectures, organised three thousand conferences, and placed mutoscopic views in five thousand railway stations—all with the single purpose of enlisting popular interest in the Navy. England has a navy league older than Germany's. France has one. So has Italy, and Spain also, which is proving a tremendous force for the rehabilitation of her naval establishment. Wherever these leagues have been organised they have enormously strengthened the naval policy of the government, and it is hardly too much to say that the splendid squadrons of Germany, which may some day force a practical test of the naval defences of the United States, owe their existence to the German Navy League, which, by crystallising German sentiment in favour of the Emperor's policy, has given the Empire a sea power which ranks among the foremost.

We call attention to the Navy League of the United States not merely as a matter of sentiment, but of business, and frankly selfish interests as well. This magazine is a business enterprise; and its present prosperity and the prosperity of every business enterprise in the country demand that we possess a navy powerful enough to ensure the security of permanent peace. In giving this space to calling attention to the Navy League of the United States, we are simply doing something toward the payment of a very reasonable insurance against national disaster.

Mr. Sidney Lee

Mr. Sidney Lee, who is now visiting this country, is best known as the associate of Sir Leslie Stephen in editing the great *Dictionary of National Biography,* which was completed a year or more ago; as the author of a life of Shakespeare, and as the editor of the autobiography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. His very latest book is one on Queen Victoria, which appeared in this country in January. This account of

MR. SIDNEY LEE, THE WELL-KNOWN SHAKESPEARIAN SCHOLAR, NOW VISITING THE UNITED STATES.

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RUPERT HUGHES.

the late Queen is a somewhat notable piece of work. We put off the reading of it for quite a while, because we supposed of course that it would be the usual thing—a colourless and wholly eulogistic account, written in the spirit of the courtier, or at least of the conventional Englishman. Great, therefore, was our surprise to find it a really discriminating and impartial study, such as one might look for only after the lapse of half a century. Mr. Lee, while always observing that attitude of respect which good taste would necessarily impose, has nowhere allowed himself to become a mere panegyrist; and the light that he throws upon the Queen's personal characteristics, her temperament, and especially her relation to the inner history of her reign, is most interesting and valuable. The polite tradition that the Prince Consort gracefully effaced himself in everything relating to the functions of government is here effectively exploded, and it is shown beyond question that the instinctive prejudice which Englishmen felt toward him was justified; for he meddled continually, and through the Queen sought to reestablish the direct authority of the Crown as against the modern parliamentary and ministerial theory of the British Constitution. Mr. Lee's book is, therefore, much more than a mere biography; it has a definite historical value.

Mr. Rupert Hughes, the author of *The Whirlwind*, has done varied critical and literary work. He was for a time the assistant editor of the *Criterion*, and has done other editorial work in London and New York, where he now resides. He is well known as a critic of music and has published several volumes on musical subjects, including *American Composers*. He has also tried his hand at the drama, and his pieces have been staged both in London and this country.

FAMOUS NOVELS AND THEIR CONTEMPORARY CRITICS

II. "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT" AND "AMERICAN NOTES."

III. "A TALE OF TWO CITIES."

II. DICKENS'S "AMERICAN NOTES" AND "MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT."

Whatever faults may be charged against us as a people, no one, with any justice, can accuse us of nursing and cherishing resentment. A foreign critic may come to see us, be entertained in a manner that will lead him to think that his visit is regarded as an event of national importance; he may then go home and write about our shortcomings to his heart's content; and may come over to see us again a year or two later with perfect comfort and security, without any fear of a cool reception or unkind looks. For what Europeans do not see and cannot possibly understand is that our effusive welcome did not mean that we were so tremendously impressed; only that we enjoyed showing our hospitality. There

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are some Englishmen, for instance, who believe that we are still writhing under the arraignment of our national follies contained in Dickens's *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *American Notes*. They do not realise that the life, the social and economical conditions which Dickens found on his visit to the United States in 1842 seem as strange and as remote to the American of to-day as they do to the Englishman. When he drew the pictures of Colonel Diver, Jefferson Brick, Major Dawkins, Hannibal Chollop, Professor Mullitt, Generals Fladdock and Kettle and the Honourable Elijah Pogram, Dickens was no doubt simply caricaturing in his own inimitable way certain types and eccentricities which actually existed, or which he believed to exist. But these types and eccentricities have so completely passed away that the manners and ideas of the Americans of *Martin Chuzzlewit* seem the manners and ideas of an entirely foreign and remote people. Cant and pretence, the love of humbug and the spirit of false democracy are undoubtedly to be found among us now, but their expression is very different; and were we brought face to face with Colonel Diver and Jefferson Brick in the flesh, we should no more understand them than we should understand the presence of a herd of stampeding buffaloes on Broadway or an Indian encampment in the corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria. Mrs. Trollope came to see us, and gave her impressions in *The Domestic Manners of the Americans*. Captain Marryat visited us, and his printed opinion was not flattering. Thackeray was not over-fond of "those conceited Yankees." The *American Notes* and the American chapters of *Martin Chuzzlewit* were inspired by Dickens's frank and hearty dislike. Ten or fifteen years ago, young Mr. Kipling made a trip across the Continent, and published a book about it which contained some smart things designed to make the American people squirm. But in no case have we borne any lasting ill will, and it was only in the cases of Mrs. Trollope and Dickens that we felt even temporary irritation.

It was at a period in our national development when we were socially in a crude state; when people were least careful of the amenities of life; when most men chewed tobacco and spat freely and impartially; when the newspaper press of the country was at an exceedingly low ebb, that Dickens first came to visit us. It would be absurd to attempt to deny that he saw much in America that deserved castigation, much that must have appealed irresistibly to his keen sense of the ridiculous. On the other hand, it would be impossible to pretend that the malice of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and the *American Notes* was due to any but petty causes. He brought with him to America a fundamental dislike to the principle of slavery, of which he had no personal knowledge, and a determination to have enacted an international copyright law. In this latter aim he failed, and his utterances on the subject brought down upon his head much bitter and unfair newspaper criticism. It was to the sting of this failure and this criticism, and to the sense of personal discomfort and irritation, rather than to any carefully studied conviction of our national unworthiness, that we owe the cordially bitter and unfriendly tone of the two books which form the subject of the present paper.

It was on the 21st of January, after an exceedingly severe and uncomfortable passage across the Atlantic, that Dickens landed in Boston. His reception in that city, and in fact everywhere in the United States, was of a nature which astounded him, but which also must have wearied him. He was followed by immense crowds in the streets, great dinners were given in his honour, at every turn he was greeted with as much enthusiasm and scrutinised with as much curiosity and well-meant impertinence as if he had been a royal personage. It was all very flattering; but it must also have been very tiresome. It was in New York that, in the midst of ovations, Dickens, irritated by the newspaper comments on his speeches regarding copyright, seems to have begun to dislike his entertainers. Some of the newspapers went so far as openly to charge that he had come to this country under false pretences, and that in reality he was making the trip as the paid agent of an organisation of British authors and publishers. Then, too, his privacy was constantly being invaded. He was continually being pestered by utterly impossible people. Voluminous manuscripts came, whose modest authors requested Dickens to read carefully, note

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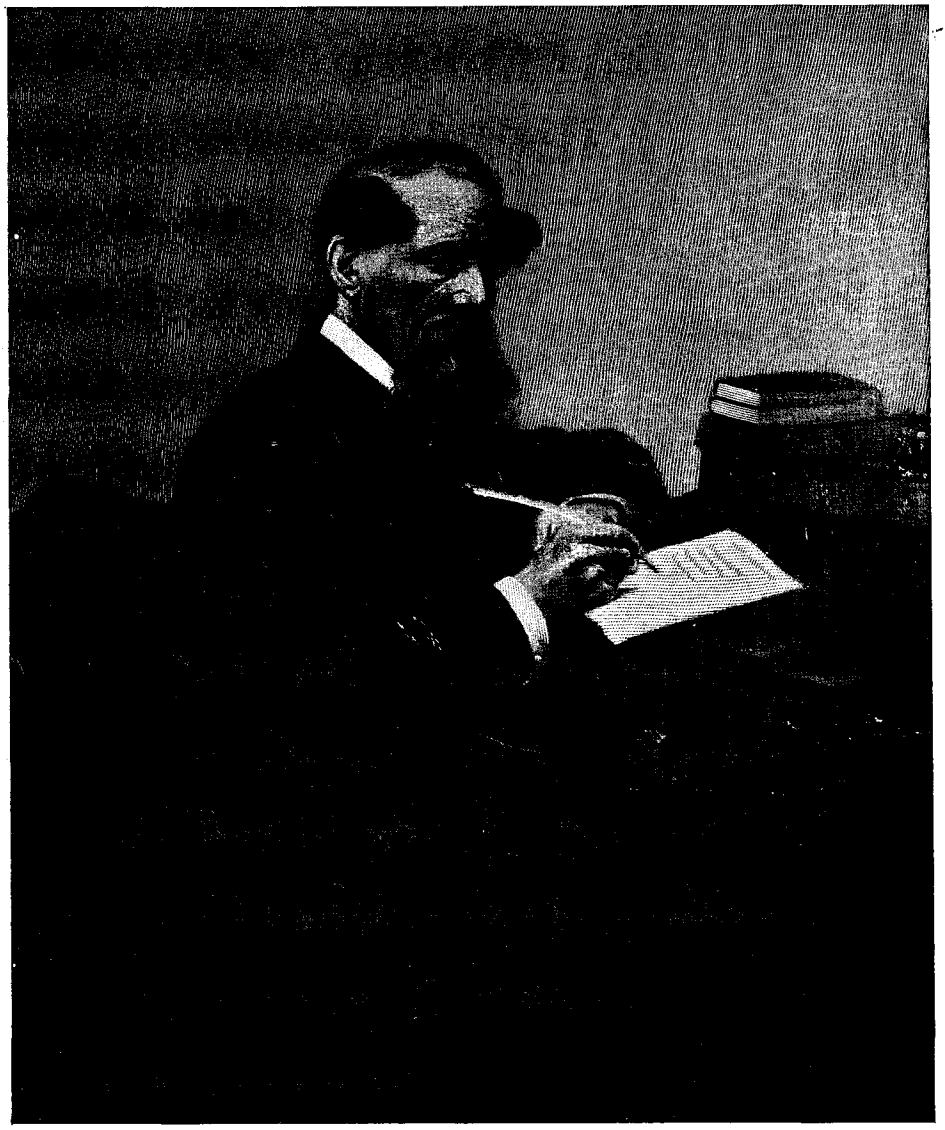
any alterations and corrections he thought proper, and requesting that he superintend their publication in England. One letter came from the South asking an original epitaph for the tombstone of an infant. Another solicited an autograph copy of the lines to an "Expiring Frog." One lady from New York wrote that many funny things had taken place in her family and many interesting and tragic events, and that she had records for one hundred years past. She proposed to furnish this record, with explanations, to Mr. Dickens for him to arrange and rewrite and have them published in England, allowing him to divide the profits equally with her. All these little ephemeral exasperations must be taken into consideration. They go a long way toward explaining, if not condoning, the spirit of injustice and hostility in which Dickens sat down to the writing of *Martin Chuzzlewit* and the *American Notes*.

Under the circumstances, the review of the *American Notes* which was printed in the *North American Review* for the first three months of 1843 seems incom-



CHARLES DICKENS.

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prehensibly favourable. After twelve or fourteen pages devoted to a highly eulogistic estimate of Mr. Dickens's work done previous to the *American Notes,* the writer of the criticism discusses the *Notes* with great good nature and forbearance. He describes vividly the enthusiastic reception which Mr. Dickens received everywhere throughout his American tour. In treating of Mr. Dickens's attitude in the international copyright question, the writer takes up the cudgels in defence of our visitor and against his own countrymen:

We coincide entirely with the views so well expressed by Mr. Dickens, and approve of the manner in which he has developed them. The attacks made upon the part of a portion of the newspapers for the course he saw fit to take on this subject (that of international copyright) were unjust, false, virulent and vulgar, discreditable to the taste and temper and disagreeable to the characters of their authors. One of the most generous and disinterested of men, he had come to this country to seek among a people by whom his genius was approved and admired relaxation from long and severe intellectual toil. He was charged with the meanest mercenary motives simply because he had the independence to urge the claims of justice. We must say in behalf of all honourable men connected with the press, that to defend the character of Mr. Dickens from such poor attacks would be a work of supererogation indeed. . . . We had a right to expect from him not a didactic work, but a book full of graphic details, good feeling and pleasant observation, and in this expectation we have not been disappointed. Many of his descriptions have given offence in various quarters. Some people seem to think that fault of manners, or an offence of social arrangements, or an awkward or a disagreeable habit as described by a visitor is meant to be classed as something peculiar to them. Thus, Dickens's pictures of the discomforts of canal boats and stage coaches—though all who have ever felt them acknowledge the striking fidelity of his pencil—are supposed to be meant as satires upon American civilisation in particular, and as if such things are found nowhere else; and not a little very excellent wrath has been expended upon him on that most gratuitous supposition. We have heard no defence set up against the charge of tobacco chewing and spitting. In these two pleasant habits we suppose we stand, by general consent and by our own admission, pre-eminent among the nations of the earth. The picture he draws of the character of the American newspaper press, largely coloured as it is, does not surpass the truth when applied to a power—a very large power it must be confessed—of the metropolitan papers. He does not make sufficiently emphatic exceptions and distinctions, and when he comes to speak of the universality of its evil influence, its omnipotence and omnipresence, his vigorous, startling and almost terrific language is quite too unqualified. We have no faith in the existence of such a demoniac power as that he describes. The profligate papers, numerous as they are and widely as their circulation ranges, neither express nor guide nor govern what can with any propriety be called the public opinion of the country. They may open their foul mouths in full cry upon a man of character year after year, and through every State in the Union, but they can harm him no more than the idle wind. They are read, despised, and the next day utterly forgotten. Their cowardly malice, their ignorant vulgarity and profligacy overshoot the mark.

A somewhat different, but by no means severe, tone runs through the review of *Martin Chuzzlewit,* which appeared in the *Knickerbocker Magazine* for September, 1844:

With much that is unworthy of Mr. Dickens, much that he will live to regret if he is not already sorry for, *Martin Chuzzlewit* contains some of the most striking scenes and the most vivid portraitures of character that have ever been sketched by the author's facile and felicitous pen. We pass by his pretended morals and manners of the United States. They are for the most part characterisations so gross as to be incapable of exciting any emotion save one in the mind of any American reader. Once or twice, it is true, he touches us in the raw. . . . It is in home portraitures that Dickens is the most successful when in relation to scenes and characters. What could be more graphic than his description of Todger's, the mercantile boarding-house? It is a finished picture of the Flemish school. . . . As for old Pecksniff, the portrait could not be exceeded. Selfish, deceitful, with sufficient cunning to acquire a reputation for being the reverse of what he really is, we follow his progress with deep interest, and exult in the retribution which closes his sinuous career.

The Quarterly Review for the three

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months beginning with March, 1843, in its review of *American Notes,* says that both Englishmen and Americans should consider that our common origin and language, which theoretically ought to be a bond of moral connection, are in practice very liable to produce a hostile and jealous spirit between the two nations:

The mutual language, then, becomes a double weapon: the common fountain overflows on either side with the waters of bitterness. We think that in discussing this subject on some former occasion we said that when people write or talk against one another in different languages they are like boxers sparring in stuffed gloves, but when the English and Americans squabble in their common tongue, it is like hitting home with the naked fist—their blow gives a black eye or a bloody nose.

It was, therefore, we confess, with no particular pleasure that we learned we were to have a picture of America from the pen of Mr. Dickens. Mr. Dickens is, as everybody knows, the author of some popular stories published originally in periodicals. Remarkable as has been the exploitations of very low life—treated, however, generally speaking, with better taste and less vulgarity than the subjects seem to promise—we must say, *en passant,* that we have very little taste for the class of novels that take their heroes from Newgate and St. Giles. Even in the powerful hands of Fielding, Jonathan Wild has always both disgusted and wearied us.

The Quarterly scores Dickens roundly for ignoring objects of beauty and preferring to deal with what was petty and ludicrous:

Instead of seeing in the streets of New York specimens of fine architecture, Mr. Dickens tells us with much detail that he saw, besides the "mulatto landlady," a "fiddler, one barrel-organ, one dancing monkey;" and, he adds, "not one white mouse." All this, we presume, is meant for pleasantry, but indeed the utter inanity of Mr. Dickens's pages, the total lack of information or even rational argument, is not more to be regretted than the awkward efforts of jocularity with which he endeavours to supply their places. We might in return be very facetious in expressing Mr. Dickens's bad taste, but we prefer seriously to remonstrate with him on nonsense so deplorable that we are almost ashamed to give one other specimen. We have already stated that of the account of New York a few lines only are given to a general view of society in that city, while several pages were employed on the latest and most trivial topics. But our readers will hardly be prepared for such stupid puerility as we have now to produce. It seems that the streets of the metropolis are much frequented by pigs. This gives Mr. Dickens the opportunity of taking up not merely the subject of pigs in general, but to one individual and selected pig three pages of his *American Notes* is devoted, being, we calculate, six times more space than he has given to all the prominent orators, littérateurs, artists and heroes of America altogether.

The following is from the *Edinburgh Review* for January, 1843:

Though Mr. Dickens does not tell us of it, it is a notorious fact that throughout every State in the United States he was besieged by the whole host of lion hunters, whose name in that land of liberty and equality is legion. In England we *preserve* our lions. To be admitted to the sight of one except on public occasions is a privilege granted only to the select. In America (always excepting a skin of the right colour) the pursuit of this kind of game requires no qualifications whatever, for, though society seems to form itself there, just as it does with us, into a series of circles, self-distinguished and excluded one from the other, there does not appear to be any generally acknowledged scale of social dignity. Each circle may assert its own pretensions and act upon them, but they are not binding upon the rest. In the eye of the law and of the universe a citizen is a citizen, and as such has a right to do the honour of the country to a stranger. And though there are, doubtless, many circles in which the stranger is pitied for having to receive such promiscuous attentions, there is none which seems to consider itself excluded from the privilege of offering them. . . . Though the book is said to have given great offence on the other side of the Atlantic, we cannot see any sufficient reason for it.

Two of the severest contemporary critics of Dickens's *American Notes* were Macaulay and De Tocqueville, the latter of whom had journeyed extensively in and written much about the United States. When in the French Chamber of Deputies reference was made to Dickens's book on America, De Tocqueville ridiculed the idea that any opinions of Dickens on the matter should be quoted as in any respect authoritative. Macaulay, who had written to Napier, the editor of

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the *Edinburgh Review,* asking permission to review the new book when it should be ready, withdrew his request as soon as he had seen it. "This morning," he writes to Napier, October 19th, 1842, "I received Dickens's book. . . . I cannot praise it, and I will not cut it up. It seems to me to be on the whole a failure. It is written like the worst parts of *Humphrey's Clock.* What is meant to be easy and sprightly is vulgar and flippant. I pronounce the book, in spite of some claims of genius, frivolous and dull."

TAVISTOCK HOUSE, WHERE DICKENS WROTE "A TALE OF TWO CITIES."

III. "A Tale of Two Cities."

Dickens lovers of the present day who regard *A Tale of Two Cities* as one of the finest of all his fine novels, ranking it almost as high as *David Copperfield,* must find singularly curious the verdict of a contemporary critic who pronounced the book little better than downright drivel. Yet such was the opinion of the reviewer of the London *Saturday Review,* and his article, appearing in the number for December 7th, 1859 (this article was republished in *Littell's Living Age* for February 11th, 1860), is a fine example of a slashing "slating" as it was done in the middle of the last century.

After referring to the last of the Waverley novels, and to Scott's motive in writing them, saying that "The novels, to be sure, are as bad as bad can be, but to pay debts is a higher duty than to write good novels," the *Review* goes on:

In *A Tale of Two Cities* Mr. Dickens has reached the *Castle Dangerous* stage, without Sir Walter Scott's excuse; and instead of wholesome food ill-dressed, he has put before his readers dishes of which the quality is not disguised by the cooking. About a year ago he thought proper to break up an old and establish a new periodical, upon grounds which, if the statement of Messrs. Bradbury and Evans is true, were most discreditable to his character for good feeling, and we might almost say common decency, and in order to extend the circulation of the new periodical he published in it the story which lies before us. . . . It is a most curious production, whether it is considered in a literary, in a moral, or in a historical point of view. If it had not borne Mr. Dickens's name it would in all probability have hardly met with a single reader; and if it has any popularity at all, it must derive it from the circumstance that it stands in the same relation to his other books as salad dressing stands in toward a complete salad. It is a bottle of the sauce in which *Pickwick* and *Nicholas Nickleby* were dressed, and to which they owed much of their popularity; and though it has stood open on the sideboard for a very long time and has lost a good deal of its original flavour, the philosophical inquirer who is willing to go through the penance of tasting it will be, to a certain extent, repaid. He will have an opportunity of studying in its elements a system of cookery which procured for its ingenious inventor unparalleled popularity, and enabled him to infect the literature of his country with a disease which manifests itself in such repulsive symptoms that it has gone far to invert the familiar doctrines of the Latin Grammar about ingenious arts, and to substitute for them the conviction that the principal results of a persistent devotion to literature are an incurable vulgarity of mind and of taste, and intolerable arrogance of temper.

After giving an outline of the plot, in which the events that precede Sydney Carton's sacrifice are especially ridiculed, the *Review* continues:

It would, perhaps, be hard to imagine a clumsier or more disjointed framework for the display of the tawdry wares which form Mr. Dickens's stock-in-trade. The broken-backed way in which the story maunders along from 1775 to 1792, and back again to 1760 or thereabouts, is an excellent instance of the complete

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disregard of the rules of literary composition which have marked the whole of Mr. Dickens's career as an author. No portion of his popularity is due to intellectual excellence. . . . The two main sources of his popularity are his power of working upon the feelings by the coarsest stimulants, and his power of setting common occurrences in a grotesque and unexpected light. In his earlier works, the skill and vigour with which these operations were performed were so remarkable as to make it difficult to analyse the precise means by which the effect was produced on the mind of the reader. Now that familiarity has deprived his books of the glow and freshness which they formerly possessed, the mechanism is laid bare; and the fact that the means by which the effect is produced are really mechanical is painfully apparent. It would not, indeed, be matter of much difficulty to frame from such a book as the *Tale of Two Cities* regular recipes for grotesque and pathetic writings, by which any required quantity of the article might be provided with infallible certainty. The production of pathos is the simpler operation of the two. With a little practice and a good deal of determination it would really be as easy to harrow up people's feelings as to poke the fire. The whole art is to take a melancholy subject and to rub the reader's nose in it, and this does not require any particular amount either of skill or knowledge. . . .

To be grotesque is a rather more difficult trick than to be pathetic; but it is just as much a trick, capable of being learned and performed almost indefinitely. One principal element of grotesqueness is unexpected incongruity; and inasmuch as most things are different from most other things, there is in nature a supply of this element of grotesqueness that is absolutely inexhaustible. Whenever Mr. Dickens writes a novel, he makes two or three comic characters, just as he might cut a pig out of a piece of orange-peel. In the present story there are two comic characters, one of whom is amusing by reason of the facts that his name is Jerry Cruncher, that his hair sticks out like iron spikes, and that, having reproached his wife for "flopping down on her knees" to pray, he goes on for seventeen years speaking of praying as "flopping." If, instead of saying that his hair was like iron spikes Mr. Dickens had said that his ears were like mutton-chops, or his nose like a Bologna sausage, the effect would have been much the same. One of his former characters was identified by a habit of staring at things and at people with his teeth, and another by a propensity to draw his mustache up under his nose and his nose down over his mustache. . . . No popularity can disguise the fact that this is the very lowest of low styles of art. It is a step below Cato's full wig and lacquered chair which shook the pit and made the gallery stare, and in point of artistic merit stands on precisely the same level with the deformities which supply the pencils of the prolific artists who supply valentines to the million at a penny apiece.

One special piece of grotesqueness introduced by Mr. Dickens into his present tale is very curious. A good deal of the story relates to France, and many of the characters are French. Mr. Dickens accordingly makes them talk a language which, for a few sentences, is amusing enough, but which becomes intolerable, tiresome and affected when it is spread over scores of pages. He translates every French word by its exact English equivalent. For example, *"Voilà votre passeport"* becomes "Behold your de passport;" *"Je viens de voir,"* "I come to see," etc. Apart from the bad taste of this, it shows a perfect ignorance of the language. The sort of person who would say in English "Behold" is not the sort of person who would say in French *"Voilà;"* and to describe the terrible events in this misbegotten jargon shows a great want of sensibility to the real requirements of art.

The moral tone of *A Tale of Two Cities* is not more wholesome than that of its predecessors, nor does it display any nearer reproach to a solid knowledge of the subject-matter to which he refers. Mr. Dickens observes in his preface: "It has been one of my hopes to add something to the popular and picturesque means of understanding that terrible time, though no one can hope to add anything to the philosophy of Mr. Carlyle's wonderful book." The allusion to Mr. Carlyle confirms the presumption which the book itself raises, that Mr. Dickens happened to have read the history of the French Revolution, and, being on the lookout for a subject, determined offhand to write a novel about it. Whether he has any other knowledge of the subject that a single reading of Mr. Carlyle's work would supply does not appear, but certainly what he has written shows no more. It is exactly the sort of story which a man would write who had taken down Mr. Carlyle's theory without any sort of inquiry or examination, but with a comfortable conviction that "nothing could be added to its philosophy." The people, says Mr. Dickens in effect, had been degraded by long misgovernment, and acted like wild beasts in consequence. There is, no doubt, a great

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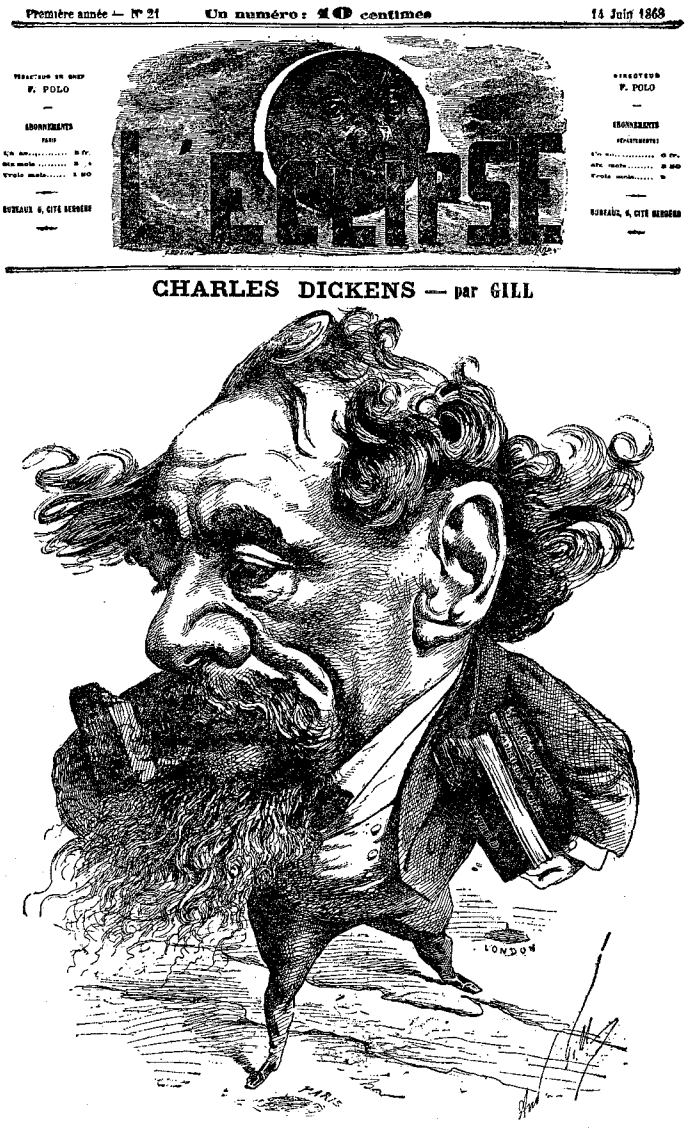

"A TALE OF TWO CITIES."

deal of truth in this view of the matter, but it is such a very elementary truth that, unless a man has something new to say about it, it is hardly worth mentioning; and Mr. Dickens supports it by specific assertions which, if not absolutely false, are at any rate so selected as to convey an entirely false impression. It is a shameful thing for a popular writer to exaggerate the faults of the French aristocracy in a book which will naturally find its way to readers who know very little of the subject except what he chooses to tell them; but it is impossible not to feel that the melancholy story which Mr. Dickens tells about the wicked marquis who violates one of his serfs and murders another is a grossly unfair representation of the state of society in France in the middle of the eighteenth century. That the French *noblesse* had much to answer for in a thousand ways is a lamentable truth, but it is by no means true that they could rob, murder and ravish with impunity. The sort of atrocities which Mr. Dickens depicts as characteristic of the eighteenth century were neither safe nor common in the fourteenth.

England as well as France comes in for Mr. Dickens's favours. He takes a sort of pleasure, which appears to us insolent and unbe-

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coming in the extreme, in drawing the attention of his readers to the bad and weak points in the history and character of their immediate ancestors. The grandfathers of the present generation were, according to him, a sort of savages, or very little better. They were cruel, bigoted, unjust, ill-governed, oppressed, and neglected in every possible way. The childish delight with which Mr. Dickens acts Jack Horner, and says, "What a good boy am I, in comparison with my ancestors," is thoroughly contemptible. England some ninety years ago was not what it now is, but it was a very remarkable country. . . . There certainly were a large number of abuses, but Mr. Dickens is not content with representing them fairly. He grossly exaggerates their evils.

Frederic G. Kitton, in *The Novels of Charles Dickens,* says that "an amusing report was current at the time that, as a result of reading this slashing indictment in the *Saturday Review,* Mr. Dickens was quite prostrated, remaining in bed for months in a state of helpless lethargy and needing the constant application of warm flannels and bathings of mustard and turpentine, together with the united efforts of at least a dozen physicians to restore him to consciousness.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

THE VIGIL OF VENUS

[The following lines are a nearly literal rendering of the *Pervigilium Veneris,* the most perfect poem of spring which the world's literature contains. The Latin original, which is of unknown authorship, dates from the third or fourth century, A. D. It has been often translated, but never before with anything approaching adequacy. The previous English versions are collected in a number of *The Bibelot,* published last year by Mr. Mosher, of Portland, Maine. The present rendering preserves the metrical scheme of the original.—EDITORS OF THE BOOKMAN.]

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

Spring is here, the spring of music. Spring! the earth is born anew.
Spring! and lovers are united. Spring! the birds are choosing mates,
And the wood unbinds her tresses from the plenty-giving shower.
On the morrow sweet Desire, underneath the spreading trees,
Twines a lowly verdant shelter of the myrtle's slender lash.
On the morrow Venus ruleth, raised upon her lofty throne.

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

* * * * * * * * * *

Then from heaven's own blood he made her, from the flecks of ocean's foam.
In among the herds of Neptune, in among his rising steeds,
Made the graceful form of Venus from the waters of the sea.

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

She herself with gems of flowers newly decks the blushing year,
She herself the swelling rosebuds by the west wind's gentle breath,
Urges into fullest blossom; she herself of radiant dew,
Breath of night upon the flowers, scatters wide the cooling drops.
How like tears they shine and sparkle, trembling with their gathered weight,
Headlong drops whose tiny circle holds its own against their fall!

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Now the glowing crimson flowers have laid bare their hearts of gold;
And the moisture dropping dew-like from the peaceful starry sky,
Loosed at dawn her flaming mantle from the rose's virgin breast;
For at dawn the goddess ordered that all virgin roses wed—
Made from Venus' blood the rose is and the kisses of sweet love,
From the buds and from the breezes, from the radiant sunbeams made.
On the morrow the sweet shyness hidden 'neath her moistened robe
Wedded to her chosen lover shall no maiden blush withhold.

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

She, the goddess, bids her maidens go within the myrtle grove;
Goes the boy, the maiden's comrade, and yet none can e'er believe
That the love-god will be idle if he has his arrows by.
Go, ye Nymphs, he's left his armour; Love is on a holiday,
He was bidden go defenceless, naked was he bidden go,
Neither with his bow he'll harm you, nor his arrow, nor his flame,
Yet, O Nymphs, be ever watchful, for the god of Love is fair,
And he most is clad in armour when his lovely limbs are bare.

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

Venus sends her maids before her, Delia's match in purity.
"Only one thing do we ask thee (Virgin huntress, hear our prayer!)
That the grove may not be blood-stained by wild creatures dying there
She herself would have us bid thee, if she were to tempt the chaste,
She herself would make thee welcome did it but beseem a maid.
There thou shouldst behold the dancers on the three joy-bringing nights
With the bands of their companions winding through thy sacred groves,
In the midst of flow'ry garlands, in the midst of myrtle shades;
Nor is Ceres nor the Wine-god, nor the god of bards away.
All the night we'll spend in singing, spend in watching all the night;
Venus reigns within the forest, Delia, thou must give her place!"

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

By the order of the goddess stands her throne 'midst Hybla's flowers.
She, the queen, dispenses justice with the Graces by her side.
Hybla, put forth all thy blossoms, every bud the year has brought;
Hybla, don thy robe of flowers, wide as Enna's fertile plain!
Hither come the rural maidens, hither maidens of the fount,
All who dwell within the forests, in the mountains, in the groves,
Each doth wingèd Cupid's mother bid attend her at the feast,
But she charges all the maidens not to trust the naked Love.

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

And prolong the glowing shadows to the newly opened flowers.
On the morrow the young Æther hastens to his bridal bed,
And the Father has created all the year with vernal showers.
To the gentle Mother's bosom flows the birth-producing rain

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Whence creation all is mingled nourished by her mighty heart,
Permeating with her spirit, all the body, all the mind,
Far within, the might Mother ruleth by her hidden force
Through the earth and through the heavens, through the underlying sea,
In the path of generation holds her own unwav'ring course
And ordains that all creation follow in the ways of birth.

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

She herself to far off Latium bore the household gods of Troy.
She herself bestowed a maiden of the land upon her son,
Then to Mars from out her cloister gave a maid of spotless fame.
She ordained the Roman bridals with the Sabine women fair,
Whence the Ramnes and Quirites; and to guard the coming race
Made the Father of the Romans and his sons of Cæsar's line.

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

All the fields Desire quickens, all the fields know Venus near.
Love himself, the son of Venus, in a field was born, they say;
So the meadow where she bore him held him on its quiet breast
And the flowers, bending lower, taught him sweetness with a kiss.

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

In the shadow of the broom-trees now the cattle lie at rest,
Each contented as around him form the groups of lowing kine.
With their mates beneath the shadows, see the peaceful, bleating flocks
While the silent pools re-echo with the harsh note of the swan,
And the birds the goddess orders not to still their joyous song.
Sings the mistress, too, of Tireus, underneath the poplar's shade,
So one thinks that all love's longing in the music finds a voice
And forgets the cruel insult of her sister's foreign lord.

Sings she on; and am I silent? But oh, when shall my spring come?
When shall I sing as the swallow? When shall I no more be mute?
I have lost my Muse through silence, Phœbus now regards me not.
So the people of Amyclæ through their silence once were lost.

Love to-morrow, ye who ne'er loved; ye who have loved, love again!

Bessie du Bois.

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A DAUGHTER OF ACCRA QUEENS

A TALE OF MOROCCO.

Oh, we're sunk enough here, God knows!
But not quite so sunk that moments,
Sure tho' seldom, are denied us,
When the spirit's true endowments
Stand out plainly from its false ones,
And apprise it if pursuing
Or the right way or the wrong way,
To its triumph or undoing.
* * * * * *
—*Cristina.*

Haj El Maiben, chief and descendant of chiefs in the territory of Wadi Tafilet, is a man somewhat feared and a good deal loved on both sides of the Atlas. To the southward, in Wadi Tafilet, men say, "The Sultan is the Sultan, and—there is Haj El Maiben."

But probably you don't know Haj El Maiben. It is not likely that his name could be found on any London visiting-list. And perhaps that is as well, because a Mayfair host and hostess would find some difficulty about entertaining the old chief in any style approaching to the lavish magnificence with which Haj El Maiben takes delight in honouring his guests.

The causes which led to my first becoming his guest might be explained during a long tropical evening spent on a ship's deck, or in some other such outlandish situation. They form a story not to be told here, because of its length, and—other peculiarities. But I may be believed when I boast that I have the honour to be certain of a friendly welcome at the chief's great, rambling white fortress in Wadi Tafilet, in the tents of his followers north and south of the Atlas; or aboard his very beautiful, gold-striped, black-hulled yacht which, when idle, may generally be seen riding at anchor below the beacon at Dar-al-baida.

When the summer of last year, an unusually warm season in Morocco, was drawing to a close, I lay one evening on a heap of curiously worked rugs and cushions in the little covered balcony of the inner courtyard at Tehuma, the old Wadi Tafilet fortress. Haj El Maiben sat beside me. Between us stood his great fragrant chibouque. There were no lamps on the balcony, but the light of a full African moon played restfully about the chief's dull gold forehead, over his snowy beard, by which men swear in Wadi Tafilet, and down to the silver and crimson of his curling-toed sandals, where they peered out one from under each of his knees.

A wealthy man, a kindly man, an artist and a prince of Southern Bohemians, is Haj El Maiben. A lover of beauty rather than a voluptuary, leaning in his tastes more to the Byzantine than the purely Moorish, the old chief is a devout Mahommedan, and a learned student of humanity in all its shades and grades.

We had been talking, since one of the chief's people had brought us our first supply of coffee that evening, of the position and influence of Britishers in Western Africa. Haj El Maiben, with his people, had made several pilgrimages across the desert to the West Coast, and knew more of that ill-omened country, before I was born, than I have learned since that event.

"When the white men in the river villages are cruel to the native folk, that is not good," murmured the chief in his low, mellow tones. "But when they are kind, then for those that be women it is less good. Your countryman, Butler, George Butler of the great Liverpool house; you know him?"

I nodded. I had met George Butler when he was acting as Digby Farn's agent in Prowrah. Then Haj El Maiben, laying down the mouthpiece of his great pipe, began to tell me of George Butler and his life in the oil rivers. To the music of the chief's voice, there was added the harmonious plashing and gurgling of the palm-shaded fountain in the courtyard below.

Haj El Maiben spoke English fluently, and with delightful quaintness. But it was not his habit to describe a spade as just a spade and nothing more, when he could hit upon any combination of words more vividly descriptive of that useful implement than its name. Men of the old chief's race waste so much time and breath over courtesy and such-like trifles. However this is what Haj El Maiben told me that evening, though my words are not his words.

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When George Butler first received his appointment from Messrs. Digby Farn in Liverpool, he was not sent to Prowrah, where I subsequently met him, but to the Warri River Beach as assistant to a man called Braun.

After living in great luxury up to the age of two-and-twenty, George Butler had been called away from Oxford just before taking his degree, to attend the funeral of his father, who died by his own hand. The Butler family then found themselves absolutely penniless. The father's death made their condition apparent, as it did that of various other folk whom the dead man had brought to financial ruin. George Butler drove a cab for a fortnight, and thereby earned thirty-five shillings. His last fare was a director of Digby Farn's, and an acquaintance of the senior Butler's whom that deceased gentleman had never wronged. So young Butler was given a clerkship in Liverpool, and eighteen months later he landed from the steamship *Bonny* on Warri Beach, as assistant manager of the branch factory there.

He was fresh and clean, beautifully English, and full of enthusiastic intentions in the matter of proving that a man could keep himself in decent health on the Coast if he went the right way about it. Then, too, he had dewy, meadow sweet notions about the irrepressible native, racial equality, and good, kindly foolery of that sort.

So Braun was rather startling to young Butler, Braun being an old Coast hand, an old oil-river man, a rather confirmed slave of the cocktail habit, and a beachcomber at heart. However, within the week George Butler had cheerfully decided to reform Braun. Braun heard this, of course, and grinned. He might have let the young man down easily. But he did not.

Braun taught Butler to make cocktails, and at times—when the young man began to wake with the tired feeling that comes while the mangrove steam is drawing the sap out of English cheeks—to drink them. Then, on the second Sunday after Butler's arrival, Braun said:

"Oh, by the way, my son, how much longer are you going to wilt away in single blessedness? Upon my soul, I'd forgotten all about it, but we haven't got you a wife yet. Orthodox thing in the rivers, you know. And here you're wasting all your English freshness in 'batching.'"

"Good God!" says Butler, doubtless thinking of orange-blossom and cake. "I don't want to marry. And, besides, I couldn't afford it."

"Oh, marriage is not an expense in the rivers, my son. We marry for economy, and—comfort, you know. Take a housekeeper, and sack a servant. The conjugal felicity is a clear gift—makeweight, you know. I'm going to take a new wife myself in a day or two. Tana Maan's getting fat and lazy. Tell your boys to bring your hammock round, and I'll take you up to the village. We'll look over the eligibles."

Butler was rather shocked at this, as the other man had known well he would be. Then the boy, being clean-run, and of good fibre, showed what he felt in the matter. Braun laughed. And to do him justice he treated native women a good deal more fairly than do many white men.

"Good Lord, man!" he said, "you mustn't take things so plaguey seriously in this part of the world. A man's constitution can't stand it. You don't suppose it hurts a native girl to be a white man's wife for a year or so, before she settles down to family life with a man of her own colour?"

"Well, anyhow, I don't want one to be my wife," said Butler. "So I won't bother coming."

"Oh, you'd better come. Might just as well see the village. We're supposed to make ourselves agreeable to the local and other natives, you know," said Braun, grinning, and quoting Digby Farn's instructions. "Come on! We'll go and see young chief Twaino. He's always good fun."

Butler hesitated.

"Well, you can't expect to reform us in Warri, or the girls either, if you don't mix with 'em, you know."

So Butler sent for his hammock, and Braun shook with unholy merriment, as he rummaged in the factory for a few Birmingham gewgaws to take to Warri village. There is something uncanny about such verdancy as was Butler's, when seen in an oil-river factory.

It takes close on three hours to reach Warri village from white man's Warri,

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the beach, though the hammock-boys lope along at about five miles an hour. Approaching the village on this Sunday morning from the side nearest the river, Braun and Butler were surprised to find all the big camps deserted, and only a few old river-women and naked children wandering about among the huts.

"Deuced queer!" said Braun. "There's generally a regular church parade about this time, and drum-beating, and hair-oiling, no end." Then, turning to the bearers, he added, "Go on one time, you boys. Take us for Chief Twaino's camp, huh?"

So the two hammocks were raised again, and went swaying on down the wide main thoroughfare between the huts.

"What's the matter with these poor old women?" asked Butler. The few women visible were all howling and wailing as they hobbled from hut to hut. And the very urchins, rolling listlessly about in the soft red dust, were whining, instead of laughing as their wont is.

"Don't know at all," said Braun, "unless it's a sacrifice day or something. We'll see when we find Twaino."

But the young chief's camp, when the Englishmen reached it, was more hopelessly deserted than any other part of the village.

"Evidently isn't Twaino's at home day, anyhow," said Braun. "Hullo! There's one of his people lying down there by the palisade. Hey, you! Daddy! Come here!"

An old man wearing nothing but a strip of country cloth twisted round his shrivelled loins rose from out the dust beside the rough palisading, and hobbled up to Braun's hammock.

"Well, Daddy, how's things?" said Braun, as he lit a cheroot. The old man moaned and rocked his head to and fro. "You don't seem happy, Daddy. What's the trouble?"

"Ou-ay!" moaned the old man. "La-ou-a-lay!"

"Lucid, isn't he?" said Braun, turning to Butler. "Look here, Daddy! Yew no be so foolish, yew sabe. Where 'e be Twaino, huh? Wha' thing dem peepil go do—dem Warri peepil? Where the devil's anybody, anyhow, eh? Wake up, an' p'laver proper p'laver."

"Oh, Messah Braun, yew no sabe Twaino 'e bin dead!"

"What!"

"'E bin dead—go foh 'evin. 'E go die las' night."

"Great snakes! An' everybody—all peepil go for bury him to-day, eh? No be true? Bury Twaino out by Ju-Ju house, eh?"

"Foh suah, Messah Braun, all peepil 'e be gone foh' bury Twaino."

"By gad! Twaino dead! Well, well! Here 'e be piece 'baccy for yew, Daddy. Come on, Butler! By Jove! We must go to Twaino's funeral. He was the whitest native I ever met."

So once more the hammocks moved on, this time towards the Ju-Ju houses, which are situated on a little hill-top half a mile outside the village.

"Poor old Twaino!" said Braun as the hammock-bearers jogged along over the knotted plantain roots and under trailing mangrove branches. "Black-water fever, I suppose. And it's only about a month since he came into power. His father killed himself with a barrel of Hamburg gin from Marlowe and Green's factory. The old man wasn't used to gin. He'd been drinking nothing but Heidsick and Monople for years. Used to have two big cases every month from us. But Twaino—by gad! I'm sorry Twaino's gone. He was the finest specimen of a savage I've ever seen. Never been in a mission-school in his life, and straight as a die. He'd only two wives—two sisters they were, and daughters of a Benin chief. That was policy. He's been making hot love to Neyreela these six months, and they were to have been married in a week or two. I forgot, though, you never met Neyreela. She was born in Accra. You haven't seen that sort of native yet, or you wouldn't be so cocksure of not wanting a housekeeper. Old Dr. Jessop brought her down here as a child from Accra three years ago, sick of a fever. Her father was a big chief, and killed in the Kareula riots. Her mother was a queen, and died before. Old Jessop brought her up like a la—— Hullo! Here we are. Jumping Jerusalem! What a turn-out!"

The two white men in their hammocks had rounded the densely wooded crest of the little hill outside the town, and had reached the edge of the wide, open stretch on which stood the two Warri Ju-Ju houses, and the various sacred adjuncts —the Ju-Ju tree, where executions took

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place, the burial ground, the tattooing-tables, etc.

As they mounted the hill the Englishmen had heard the confused hubbub of many voices raised in chants of mourning, the blaring of horns and the beating of drums. Now these combined sounds burst upon the new arrivals with a roar which made the hazy air vibrate. The very earth under the hammock-bearers' feet seemed to tremble. All Warri was assembled on the slope of the little hill. And savage lungs are powerful, if not remarkable for the production of melody. Twaino had been the most popular young chief in the rivers. Therefore, special tributes had to be offered up to Ju-Ju on the occasion of Twaino's going "foh 'evin."

Round about, on different parts of the hill-slope, no less than twelve great fires of sacred wood were burning, and sending up into the dancing heat-waves of the air solid columns of white, thickly scented smoke. Round each fire sat a ring of women mourners, beating drums, howling and lowering their tattooed foreheads to the dust. In the centre of the semicircle formed by the twelve fires, and right before the chief Ju-Ju house, a great shallow pit had been dug, the mouth of which measured at least twenty feet either way. This was the grave of Twaino, Mawa San's successor, and a magnificent young barbarian.

The Englishmen, having left their hammocks, edged up as close as possible to the young chief's grave, all the savage assemblage being too fully occupied with the business in hand to notice or interfere with the men from the beach and the world beyond.

All the Ju-Ju men of Warri, and others from outlying villages, robed in priestly white and full of priestly dignity, were grouped about the mouth of the grave. All were chanting the most dismal kind of dirge, and under their feet the earth ran blood. In the centre of the grave lay dead Twaino, splendid in the richest of his finery, robed in finest country cloth and half-covered in coral and beaten gold ornaments. One dead hand clasped his sword—a Brummagem product — the other his chief's staff. Round about the body were scattered pipes, bottles of wine, tobacco, spirits, weapons, food and personal belongings of every description. High up overhead carrion birds were wheeling and making shrill cries. For in the grave were the bodies of scores of kids, goats, fowls, and other animals whose throats had been slit by the Ju-Ju men. Also, one of Twaino's wives lay beside her lord, and George Butler noticed with a shudder that blood was flowing from the woman's throat and staining her spotless robes.

The burial ceremonies were almost over when the Englishmen arrived, and already earth and leaves were being thrown into the grave by a score of naked slaves. Suddenly there came a lull in the deafening, wailing noises, and the Englishmen saw a girl, tall, slight, and graceful as a panther, dart through the throng of white-robed priests and leap from its edge into the centre of the grave.

"By God! it's Neyreela!" shouted Braun. And, Butler beside him, Digby Farn's agent elbowed through the crowd to the grave's brink.

A shrill, angry shout rose from the knot of chiefs' wives and daughters assembled at one end of the grave. These women hated Neyreela for various reasons. She was beautiful beyond the dreams of Warri River women; also, she had been brought up practically in the house of the white medicine man, and—she was Neyreela. For months she had been a very queen to their chief Twaino, whom any woman on the Warri River would have married at a nod.

The Ju-Ju men called for silence, but the anger of the womenfolk was persistent and its expression shrill.

"It's all right," murmured Braun, clutching his assistant's arm—Butler was on the point of springing after the girl. "By gad, they won't let her bury herself. Hark at the hags! they grudge her the honour. Neyreela's safe. Upon my soul I never should have thought she cared so much for Twaino. Anyhow, you know, you mustn't interfere, my son. Gad! they'd make cold meat of us both. Hey! stop it, you blithering idiot."

But already George Butler had laid hands on the sacred robes of the foremost Ju-Ju man, and was demanding the rescue of the girl in a queer mixture of ordinary and pidgin English, with a few stray words in the vernacular.

For two minutes Neyreela's life hung in the balance. And—though Butler did not know it, his friend did—the lives of the two Englishmen hung just as inse-

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curely. Long knives were drawn, white eyeballs gleamed, and savage oaths were sworn. In those two minutes it was well for Butler and Braun, and perhaps for Neyreela, that Digby Farn and Digby Farn's agents had earned in the rivers just that reputation which they had earned.

At the end of two minutes the Ju-Ju men bowed to Butler, understanding not a word of his discourse. Slaves carried Neyreela out of the grave, and George Butler was bidden take the girl and himself outside the limits of the Ju-Ju ground; and that quickly, if he valued his life or wanted hers.

The command was Greek to Butler, but Braun whispered: "Come on, for God's sake, before they think better of it! Heavens, man! you've done what no white man on the Coast would dare to do. Come on, if you don't want to join Twaino. The girl will be all right."

But Butler, armed as he was with the courage of the man who does not know, swore vehemently that he would not leave the place till he saw the girl safe. Braun shrugged his shoulders, and followed his assistant from the sheer necessity of the thing. Butler strode through the crowd, his fists clenched and his eyes blazing, and, possibly from astonishment at his daring, or possibly for some more subtle and less easily explained reason, the Ju-Ju men fell back on either side and made way for the youngster, whom any two of them might easily have torn in pieces.

"A very pretty little racial study," thought Braun, smiling in spite of his wrath.

Butler walked up to the two slaves who carried Neyreela out of the grave, and who held her now insensible in their arms.

"Come with me," said Butler, his teeth clenched.

Braun translated, grinning, but still angry.

So, while all Warri stood watching, sullen and silent and dead Twaino lay half buried, Neyreela was carried past the great Ju-Ju house, across the open space and to the fringe of mangroves, where the white men's bearers were waiting. The girl, still insensible, was deposited in Butler's hammock. Dead Twaino's slaves returned to the grave, and Braun and Butler set off down the wooded side of the hill. Then the chanting and the wailing and the drum-beating was resumed.

"Well, when I take you out again for a quiet Sunday's amusement, my son, I should like you to make a note of the circumstance. God knows how much trade you've lost the firm, and God knows why it happened you didn't get me murdered and yourself, too."

"My dear fellow, you wouldn't have me stand by and see a live girl buried?"

"It's not your funeral. Good Lord! It's a custom of the country. What right have you to interfere with their religion? And to drag me into it, too! For a man who's keen on not taking a wife in the rivers, you've run a fairly tidy risk for Neyreela, my son."

"Good heavens! You don't suppose—"

"Oh, no! Of course you didn't know she was a girl."

"Please understand me clearly, Braun," said Butler with sudden stiffness, "that neither her sex nor her colour influenced me in any way. For sheer humanity's sake——"

"Humanity be d—d!" said Braun quickly. And so they dropped the subject.

Now just ten days before that particular Sunday morning, Dr. Jessop, in whose household, first at Accra and then at Warri, Neyreela had been brought up from childhood to her present age of fifteen, had sailed for Canary on sick leave. Neyreela, of course, had had free permission to remain at his beach in Warri up till the date of her marriage with Twaino, in which she had the doctor's sanction and good wishes.

Dr. Jessop held rather pronounced views about missionary work and the demoralisation of the savage. No man held the semi-educated, black coat-wearing native much cheaper than did Dr. Jessop. But for the genuine barbarian, the African untampered with, the doctor had a great admiration. Young Twaino was a particular friend of his, and owed a good deal of his straightforward manliness to the doctor's influence. Neyreela's religion Dr. Jessop had never ventured to tamper with. "You be as good as you know how, child," he would say, and never do anything mean. Then you'll be all right, whatever you believe." He had taught her to speak English, and

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not Coast or pidgin English. So the girl's language was very quaint and pretty, her words being English and their arrangement that of the Accra vernacular.

Beyond this the doctor had in no way Anglicised or civilised the girl, save by the influence of his life and the life of his household. Perhaps this was one of the causes which led to Neyreela's developing from quite an ordinary Accra child into one of the most beautiful girls in Africa. Fifteen years of feminine growth means early womanhood on the Coast.

The whole of the weary fourteen miles between Warri village and Warri beach George Butler walked in the scorching heat of the Sunday afternoon of Twaino's burial. Neyreela, conscious then and weeping quietly, lay in Butler's hammock. Braun, with angry kindliness, more than once offered the younger man his hammock. But Braun's comment on humanity as a principle rankled somewhat in the soul of his assistant. So Butler walked and gasped and perspired till he reached the veranda of Dr. Jessop's quarters, and handed Neyreela over to the old Accra housekeeper there. Then he crawled to his own rooms and lay like a log till next morning.

After this Braun dropped into the habit of saying every now and again:

"How's your wife, Butler?"

Butler was ridiculously sensitive, and this simple question of Braun's seemed to twang on his nerves. Perhaps this had something to do with his not going round to Dr. Jessop's beach to inquire about the girl. Anyhow, he did not go, and five days passed without his hearing of Neyreela or seeing her. Then, on the Saturday following that eventful Sunday, and as the two men set down to their eleven o'clock breakfast, the morning's work being finished, Braun said:

"You ought to go round and see that girl of yours, Butler. If I know anything, she's dying, and hurrying through with it, too."

"Dying! Good Heavens! What's the matter with her?"

"I don't quite know. She's just dying. They do go off quickly, you know, when they begin."

"Well, but——"

"Yes, of course, it's a pity. Pity old Jessop isn't here, or some one she's fond of. It seems she was fonder of Twaino than I ever guessed. And now—she's just dying. I saw old Rada, the housekeeper, this morning, and she swears that Ju-Ju Neyreela's eaten nothing since last Saturday, and had no sleep."

Butler went round to the doctor's beach while Braun was taking his siesta that day, and for over an hour he sat talking to Neyreela. Then he went back to his quarters, and later on he said to Braun:

"By Jove, you're right! She's dying."

Braun, who was playing with his fox-terrier, said:

"Get out; it's only her play. Isn't it, little beetle dog? He says you're dying."

So Butler went to his own quarters again and began to think things out. This raised Butler right out of himself and clear of his sensitiveness, so that he was a full-grown man. He decided that Neyreela was dying, because that which had grown to be the greatest interest in her life had suddenly been cut out of it. Her instincts had taught her to admire the splendid savage in Twaino, and Dr. Jessop had taught her that her instincts were truer, bigger things than Coast-taught creeds. So, instead of learning with her white man's knowledge to despise her own race, she had learned gradually, as much from the doctor's influence as from anything, to love the princely young chief a great deal. He had become the salt of her life. In Dr. Jessop's absence, she thought the young chief and her love of him were all her life. She thought so, and that in effect made it a fact. And now Twaino was dead.

This was what George Butler decided in his mind about Neyreela, and in making the decision he became full-grown.

Then he determined he would induce Neyreela to hang on to her life, by creating in it and showing to her some new interest. Anything would do, so it was an interest.

For the next month George Butler spent all his leisure time on the veranda of Dr. Jessop's place. And he supplied Neyreela with a new interest—with several new interests. He showed her that that which had been the salt of her life was not all which her life had to offer. He was rather of an idealising turn of mind himself, this son of a stock and share gambler. Now he invented new ideals and new frames for old ideals. He

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presented Neyreela, the daughter of Accra chiefs and queens, with a new set of aims, standards and ideals to set up in a place left vacant by dead Twaino, who had been the embodiment of what good, breezy Dr. Jessop had given her as a creed.

The cost of such things cannot well be reckoned in money or in kind. But George Butler paid away a month's leisure, and in return Neyreela was allowed to wander back with ever-quickening steps from out the valley of the great shadow into the dazzling sunshine of savage freedom on Warri Beach, enjoyed with the appreciation of some degree of culture, erected upon a groundwork of solid cultivation laid by Dr. Jessop.

And then, Butler having paid the price and supplied the bait, the means, the breath of the newly gained life, Butler fell ill of a severe black-water fever, the germs of which had been joining forces in his blood since the day of young chief Twaino's funeral.

This was rather serious, for the only professing medical man on Warri beach was a youngster with a diploma for dental surgery who had left Guy's for the benefit of Guy's, and London because London did not want him. However, the medical treatment for black-water fever is simple enough, the issue depending, first, on the patient, his construction as a man, and secondly, on the patient's nurse.

Knowing this well, beachcomber Braun made his mind easy, and told the outcast of Guy's to do likewise. Braun and the outcast held a consultation, at which cocktails were served every evening. Neyreela, beautiful, panther-like Neyreela, who now had a strong hold on her own life again, Neyreela was the nurse, self-appointed, and absolute in her authority.

"You needn't bother about P·'ler," said Braun to the outcast. "If he's got it in him to pull through he'll pull through. He's got his nurse. You can bank your soul on it he wouldn't get such nursing at Guy's. And in black-water a day's nursing's worth all your medicine-chest, you believe me."

The outcast smiled in a superior way, and twiddled his clinical thermometer. But the beachcomber was right, as—as though to spite poor Mrs. Grundy—beachcombers occasionally are. The Marlborough developing and the Oxford clinching and hardening stood solid through the batter and the racket of West Africa's short, violent fever. And at the end of a fortnight George Butler lay purged of his strong English sap, shrivelled and weaker than a well-conditioned kitten, but free of disease and on the right side of Nature's hair balance.

Then he began, as soon as his mental half awoke, to realise something of what his nurse had done for him. Then the emotional part of the man, always self-assertive while the physical side is weak, began to notice how very beautiful was this gold-skinned nurse; how weary she was, how well she hid her weariness, and how gracefully and unreservedly she sacrificed herself.

The condition of things was deadly dangerous. And as soon as he realised it—another odd thing about these beachcombers is their ready understanding of the idealistic temperament—Braun cautioned his invalid assistant. Braun seemed to have modified his moral code, as far as Neyreela was concerned, at all events. But then, Neyreela was certainly, more at this time than ever before, on a plane apart from other natives.

Butler smiled. As yet he hadn't strength to do much else. He was thinking of Braun's summing-up for his benefit, of the question of a white man's relations toward native women. Braun read the feeble smile, and said:

"But this is a case apart, my son. All codes are more or less discretionary, don't you know. You——"

"Hush, hush!" murmured the framework of George Butler. "You don't understand."

And there the subject had to be dropped. And perhaps Braun did not altogether understand, for had he done so, beachcomber as he was, his protest would have been much more energetic.

A week later Butler was to sail for Canary, in order to escape the deadly relapse of black-water fever. He decided not to go to England, and to be back in Warri at the end of two months. Braun, with good-natured foresight, himself attended to all arrangements. He did not mean to allow Butler a day longer under his nurse's control than was necessary. She was so perfect a nurse. And the half-frightened anticipation of the end of her nurse's authority began to shine in

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her great eyes when she sat talking to the man who had brought her back to her life.

The culmination was not reached until the evening before Butler started for Canary. The steamer in which he was to travel lay at anchor in the deep, mangrove-fringed Warri River. He was sitting in a hammock-chair on the veranda of his quarters. Neyreela sat on a stool beside him, and he had been reading to her from a book of the poetry of his world, than which the world he shared with Neyreela seemed then more real and dear to him.

He asked the Accra queen's daughter to be his wife, in just such a manner as a year before he might have asked an English girl to marry him. But perhaps in this case he was more scrupulously respectful and humble.

The girl to whom he had given a quite new, and to her beautiful, life could not speak. She only bowed her shapely head over his knee and sobbed her gratitude and her love.

She was very beautiful in her acceptation and return of the white man's love. She was very beautiful, particularly in the eyes of the man who had saved her life and whose life she had preserved. She was beautifully a woman—and a barbarian.

So Braun's caution, right or wrong, was useless. And on the next morning Butler sailed for Canary, the affianced husband of Neyreela, the golden-skinned descendant of generations of purely savage warriors. Before leaving he solemnly placed the girl he meant to marry under the joint protection of beachcomber Braun and old Rada, the doctor's housekeeper.

Then Butler went north to the world of his own people, to the world where is no Ju-Ju, nor savagedom; the world of white men and of white women. Butler had seen no white women since he landed in Africa. When a man is recovering from an illness he is prepared to pick up his life's threads in old grooves or in new.

The Canary season was at its height when Butler reached Las Palmas, and he found no less than three London acquaintances at the Santa Catalina—a mother and two typical English daughters. Later he made many new friends, and spent a month in the island instead of a fortnight. Then he shut down, as it were, and started for the Warri River beach, with a hazy desire in his mind to pick up fallen threads.

To George Butler his voyage from the fresh little island health station in the Atlantic, down through the steaming Benin Bight to Warri River, was a very misty, half-comprehended experience. But in the main he was happy, though a good deal bewildered. He was to take his furlough in England in a year's time, and for that period he had made numerous engagements.

He was quite his old self as far as health was concerned, when Braun went aboard the steamer in Warri River to welcome him back to the beach. He was vigorous and strong again, but very vague and hazy still in the matter of the life he had come back to.

Braun looked curiously into his assistant's face whilst giving him the news of the beach. But Butler asked no questions.

"And Neyreela," said Braun at length, and with some hesitation.

"Yes; Neyreela, who nursed me," said Butler dreamily. "You have taken care of her?"

"Yes! Oh, yes! I've taken care of Neyreela—who nursed you. And she's waiting on the veranda at Jessop's now. Of course she's told the doctor, you know. He came back the week after you left."

"Ah, yes—of course."

And then they went ashore, beachcomber Braun watching Butler closely all the while, and Butler staring and talking like a sleepwalker. It was not that he had forgotten. He remembered everything, and it was just this recollection that made him so hazy and uncertain of himself.

They reached the veranda of Dr. Jessop's place on the way to their own quarters. It was just on sunset then, and the last crimson light from across the river bathed Neyreela, where she stood beside a veranda post, making her golden arms and neck to dimple in warm, ruddy shadows. She gave a little cry, and took one step down from the veranda to meet them. She had never looked more beautiful. Butler stepped up to her with his two hands raised. He might have been greeting her, and he might have been holding her off.

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"Neyreela!" he said.

And then they both stopped, just as old Dr. Jessop appeared at the door. And the man looked up into the woman's eyes.

Braun said afterward that if ever a whole story, a romance, was told in a look, then that look was Butler's when he stood facing the Accra queen's daughter, who had nursed him. And old Jessop said if ever a look described a mistake it was Butler's, while Neyreela's was understanding by revelation. "They should have both been shot while they stood there," said the doctor. The doctor did not know Butler. Not well, anyhow.

Half an hour later Butler was in his quarters with Braun.

"It seems deuced cold to me—here," said Butler. His voice was not dreamy then, but clean-cut and harder than the nether millstone.

"Yes," said Braun. "It's a chilly place, evenings."

The thermometer was at about eighty, and in a wet heat.

"I shall be married as soon as possible, Braun. This week, I think," said Butler.

And then the two men sat down together to dinner.

When he had told me this much of his story, Haj El Maiben paused. A woman walked across the balcony to where we were sitting and gave the old chief a bundle of heavy keys. Then she spoke to him in Haj El Maiben's language, and bending down, kissed his hand. Then the woman bowed to me and left us. She was a fine-looking woman, an Arab, I thought, and she was dressed in flowing white.

"On that night of nights in your countryman's life," continued the old chief, when the woman had left us, "I was leaving Warri with my people, bound for the Coast in two great canoes, and from there for my return journey, over the wilderness to here. That was our pilgrimage. As the tide ruled it, I was to leave Warri at midnight. One hour before I left, Neyreela, whom I had never seen, came to me with Rada, the keeper of the doctor's house. Rada said the girl was her daughter, and offered her to me for a roll of country cloth. The girl said it was her will to come with me. I gave the old woman two rolls of country cloth and ten silver pieces. And at midnight I left Warri, and the girl Neyreela was with my people."

"And now—?" I asked, as the chief lifted again the pliant stem of his chibouque.

"Now she is the mistress of my household here, and my servants are her servants. It was she who brought me the keys but a moment ago."

Haj El Maiben clapped his hands, and I lifted my mouthpiece as a boy came with fire for the pipe.

A. J. Dawson.

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THACKERAY

Amid all the eulogies and all the slanders that are lavished upon the English character, very few people would appear to take any real trouble to obtain a sincere view of it. Rhetorical phrases about its inarticulate strength and nobility do not commonly bring us very much further, for it may be questioned whether it is good for a people excitedly to articulate their own inarticulate disposition. But, when all is said and done, it may truly be said that among all the national temperaments the English is pre-eminently simple and profoundly well-meaning. This well-meaningness combined with this simplicity is responsible for every one of its crimes, and it is the basis of its real and indestructible magnificence. But this union of moral soundness with mental innocence is responsible also for a certain tendency noticeable in all English life and character: the tendency to get hold of the truth, but to get hold of it falsely; to grasp the fact, but to grasp it somehow by the wrong end. A hundred instances might be given of this. To take a random example. I was taught at my mother's knee, in the intervals of hymns and childish ballads, that Germans smoked bad cigars. I see now that this is true, and yet unfathomably false; that is to say, there are, if you choose to put it in that way, more bad cigars smoked in Germany than in England, but that is only because, tobacco being cheaper, more cigars of every kind are smoked. It is as if a Hindoo peasant, who had never seen a jewel in his life, were to say that England was a land of false diamonds. In India only the rulers have such things at all; in the Strand any one may have them; and similarly the cigar is in England merely a badge of luxury, while abroad it is often a common possession, like a pipe. In this mere casual instance we have the constant English attitude: the strong and even humble curiosity which does really know something about foreign nations, but along with it that strange tendency to put the true thing the wrong way round, to seize on the unimportant side of the matter first. It is just as if a foreign critic of England—instead of knowing nothing at all about us, as is usually the case—were to grasp the fact that the most luxurious English people

THACKERAY'S HOUSE IN PARIS IN THE FIRST YEAR OF HIS MARRIED LIFE.

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went fox-hunting, and then explain it by saying that these Sybarites had one weird hatred, a venomous hatred of foxes. Such a man would have got the facts right and the truth wrong; and such is our constant national condition with regard to foreign ideas. But there is an even more curious example of it than this, and that is the fact that even in our own discussions, and in the matter of the great reputations of our own country, we exhibit this same singular tendency to catch hold of truth only by the tail or the hind leg. Our judgments—that is, our current and conventional judgments—on our great men of genius have a singular disposition to begin in enormous letters with the unimportant defect, and miss in comparison the great merit out of which that defect arises. Thus, for instance, Englishmen have wearied themselves with asserting that Dickens was vulgar and could not describe a gentleman. Dickens could not describe a gentleman, but he was never vulgar except when he attempted that snobbish and unworthy enterprise. Most men do become vulgar when they describe those who are called vulgar people; and it is precisely here that Dickens was never vulgar—there is no trace of vulgarity about Silas Wegg or Dick Swiveller. The supreme function of Dickens in the universe was to point out that robust and humorous common life is not vulgar, cannot in its nature be vulgar, and the only thing that his countrymen can see about him is that he could not describe a member of the upper classes. We might as well say that Michael Angelo never really painted a chartered accountant. Here again our sincere people have got to the wrong end of the telescope. But of all these examples there is none more perfect and more amusing than the fashion which called Thackeray a cynic. He was a cynic, if the critics will, in the same sense that Leonardo da Vinci was a chemist or Mr. Chamberlain a horticulturalist. But the cynic in him was not merely subordinate to his other characteristics; it was the mere product—nay, the by-product—of them. His cynicism was a minor result, a thing left over by his triumphant tendency to sentiment.

THE FRASERIANS.

Thackeray, from the beginning of his life until the end, consistently and seriously preached a gospel. His gospel, like all deep and genuine ones, may be hard to sum up in a phrase, but if we wished so to sum it up we could hardly express it better than by saying that it was the philosophy of the beauty and the glory of

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fools. He believed as profoundly as St. Paul that in the ultimate realm of essential values God made the foolish things of the earth to confound the wise. He looked out with lucent and terrible eyes upon the world with all its pageants and achievements; he saw men of action, he saw men of genius, he saw heroes; and amid men of action, men of genius and heroes he saw with absolute sincerity only one thing worth being—a gentleman. And when we understand what he meant by the phrase, the absolute sufficiency of a limpid kindliness, of an obvious and dignified humility, of a softness for noble memories and a readiness for any minute self-sacrifice, we may, without any affected paradox, but rather with serious respect, sum up Thackeray's view of life by saying that amid all the heroes and geniuses he saw only one thing worth being—a fool.

The real falsehood, if there be a falsehood, of Thackeray's view of the world was, in fact, the very opposite of that cynicism and worldliness once attributed to him. In so far as he did misrepresent life, it was rather in the direction of showing too much bold disdain of Vanity Fair and too much absolute faith in the saints, his unworldly women and his easily swindled gentlemen. He permitted this pietism of his to blind him to the vivid atrocities of the character of Helen Pendennis, supposing that her having lived all her life in a country homestead was some kind of preventive against cruelty and paganism and heathen pride. Thackeray is, if anything, too much on the side of the angels. He was a monk who rushed out of his monastery to cry out against a gaudy masquerade that was roaring around it, and ever since his monk's frock has been mistaken for one of the masquerade dresses and applauded as the best joke in the whole fancy-dress ball.

There are, of course, exceptions, or what may appear to be exceptions, to such a generalisation. So deep and genuine was Thackeray's insight into the normal human spirit that he detected this element of idealism where it might least be expected. The character of Major Pendennis, for instance, is simply a great lighthouse or beacon tower, not merely of social satire, but of eternal ethical philosophy. In Major Pendennis, consciously or unconsciously, is traced the valuable truth that almost every man is, by the nature of things, an idealist. To go to great houses, to wear the latest and yet the most dignified attire, to know the right people, to do and say at every instant the thing which is most perfectly and exquisitely ordinary, this is a principle of life against which a sane man might have a great deal to say; but one thing he could not say, he could not say that it is materialistic. One moral merit it has: at least it is totally useless. A place in society is not something to drink; an invitation card from Lord Steyne is not something to eat. Poor old Pendennis did not sleep softer in his incomparable clothing; he was a poor man, lonely and constantly troubled. Nothing supported him but his own monstrous and insane religion. He was, as it were, a glorious heretic, a martyr to false gods; and nothing sadder or more honourable has ever been conceived in fiction than that scene in the end of *Pendennis* in which the old man, having, with a valour and energy that stirs us like a cavalry charge, defeated all machinations that would have robbed his nephew of name and fame, suddenly finds the nephew himself ready to fling down the whole laborious edifice in the name of an unintelligible scruple. "And Shakespeare was right, and Cardinal Wolsey, begad, if I had served my God as I've served you——" It has the pathos of the meeting of two faiths; the good Moslem staring at the good Crusader.

This was the greatness of Thackeray, the man whom sentimentalists without hearts or stomachs have conceived as a mere satirist, that he felt, perhaps, more fully and heavily than any other Englishman the immeasurable and almost unbearable emotion that is involved in the mere fact of human life. Dickens, with his indestructible vanity and boyishness, is always looking forward. Thackeray is always looking back in life. And no man will ever properly comprehend him until he has reached for a moment that state of the soul in which melancholy is the greatest of all the joys.

G. K. Chesterton.

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OUIDA—AN ESTIMATE

On a recent rainy day, the usual noonday crowd that loiters before a certain Ann Street book shop was missing. The bargain counters were shrouded in waterproof covers; the better class of books had been withdrawn indoors from the weather. Only the penny box remained exposed, a pile of tattered magazines idly fluttering their leaves in the wind and absorbing the water that dripped from an ineffectual awning. On the top of the pile lay a bedraggled copy of the Seaside Library, the front cover torn across, exposing the title *Syrlin,* by "Ouida," Author of *Under Two Flags, Signa,* etc. To one whom these words reminded of an early and forgotten enthusiasm, it seemed but a pious act to rescue an old acquaintance from its fallen state.

The incident would not be worth chronicling, if it were not in a measure typical of Ouida's own changed fortunes. Twenty years ago she enjoyed a vogue somewhat analogous to that of Marie Corelli to-day in this country, or of Georges Ohnet in France. It seems rather curious now to recall the avidity with which she was read, although not one reader out of twelve had the candour to acknowledge openly the fascination of her original, perverse and at times rather hysterical style. To-day she has literally declined to the penny box; she is relegated to the garret and the second-hand dealer, along with the old coats and hats and other fashions of yesterday. In the early eighties, critics thought it worth while to inveigh against her false ethics and dangerous morals; anxious mothers were careful to shield their daughters from the corruption of *Moths* and *Puck* and *Friendship.* To-day such anxiety would be superfluous. The younger generation does not read Ouida. It finds her style as tediously verbose, as hopelessly out of date, as *Clarissa Harlowe* or *Sir Charles Grandison.* For every ten young women of to-day who can tell you that Blanche Bates made a capital Cigarette and rode a real horse, there is scarcely one who thinks it worth remembering that *Under Two Flags* was originally written by Ouida.

But to revert once more to that dilapidated old copy of *Syrlin,* the really interesting thing about it is the critical discernment shown upon the title-page. Whoever formulated it, whether author or publisher, hit upon the two volumes which of all that Ouida wrote best deserve to be remembered and preserved. *Syrlin* itself was not, even relatively, a significant work. It practically brought to a close the long series of novels which began with *Granville de Vigne* and contain some of the best, as well as some of the worst, elements of sensational fiction that the latter half of the nineteenth century has produced. There is probably no other writer of her generation who so deliberately alienated his literary birthright, so openly prostituted a talent of uncommon worth to pander to a perverted taste for sensationalism. No one can read *Under Two Flags* without feeling that the woman who could write that story possessed at least some grains of that leaven with which the world's great stories of adventure have always been leavened—that she was one of those authors who not only create a little world of their own, but believe in its reality; who look into their brain as into a magic mirror, and record all the phantasmagoria that they see passing there, with a conviction that is contagious, especially if one brings youth and enthusiasm to the reading of it. Anatole France once confessed, with characteristic whimsicality, that the best novel he ever read was a half-forgotten old romance, read while a schoolboy surreptitiously "between the pages of a Greek Lexicon," but that he had been careful never to read it again. *Under Two Flags* is a rather exceptional book; in a large measure it is free from Ouida's besetting faults; and the story is carried to a finish with a verve and an audacity which somehow compel admiration. But aside from this story, it may be taken as an axiom that if any one remembers having read Ouida at twenty with a quickened pulse, he will be wise to follow the example of Anatole France and not reread her at forty.

The reason for the decline of Ouida's popularity is not far to seek. It is not merely because she was outside of the literary movement of her time that she founded no school and leaves no suc-

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cessor. It is not because her creed was a romanticism that was French rather than English—a romanticism that was already going out of fashion in France when she began to write. Many another writer has lived to see the death of his own popularity. There is no better instance than that of Paul de Kock, the spoiled child of a whole generation of readers. And yet De Kock still lives after a fashion, because he pictured the life of his time—the *bourgeois* life of Paris half a century ago—with a thoroughness not to be found elsewhere. Ouida's cardinal sin is the inherent falsity of her portrayal of life; and it is due partly to ignorance, but chiefly to an obliquity of mental vision, a sort of intellectual astigmatism which results in a view of the world at large so distorted that at times it approaches caricature. Throughout her books it is a question which is the more surprising characteristic, her superficiality or her self-assurance. The idea of restraining her plots within the bounds of her own knowledge and experience of life seems never to have occurred to her. There is no tangle of passions so intricate, no situation so extravagant, no human tragedy so grim and gruesome, but what she essays to paint it, with the proverbial courage and complacency of ignorance. Her description of a field hospital during the Crimean war, with its heaped-up dead and dying, is a thoroughly characteristic instance:

> There they lay, packed as closely together as dead animals in a slaughter-house; some on the floor that was slippery with blood like a shamble; some on pallets, saturated with the stream that carried away their life in its deadly flow; some on straw, crimson and noisome, the home of the most horrible vermin; some dead, hastily flung down to be out of the way, black and swollen, a mass of putrefaction, the eyes forced from their sockets, the tongue protruding, the features distended in hideous grotesqueness; others dead, burned and charred in the explosion, a heap of blanched bones and gory clothes and blackened flesh, the men who but a few hours before had been instinct with health and hope and gallant fearless life. Living men in horrible companionship with these corpses, writhing in torture which there was no hand to relieve, no help from heaven or earth to aid, with their jagged and broken limbs twisted and powerless, were calling for water, for help, for pity; shrieking out in wild delirium or disconnected prayer the name of the woman they had loved or the God that had forsaken them.

Now it needs no special perspicuity to realise that writing of this sort is not real art; that Ouida had no clear-cut picture of the scene she was trying to describe, no definite memories from which to draw, and that she supplied their place with a tempestuous whirlwind of ugly words. In all that mass of generalisations there is not a single specific, concrete fact that stands out in clear relief, not a single detail of personal observation of the sort that helps one to see. Such writing needs no visit to a battlefield or hospital; it may be concocted at ease by one's own fireside with the help of a vivid imagination and a riotous vocabulary. These gifts Ouida certainly has in full measure. Word follows word and sentence follows sentence, an unchecked torrent, an inexhaustible flood of comparisons and superlatives, redundant, superfluous, wearisome. She seizes upon an idea and rings the changes upon it until its possibilities are exhausted. Redundancy has no terrors for her. She compels attention by the very insistence of her iteration. Her description of her characters, even minor characters, will often run through two or three pages—and even then the subject is not necessarily closed, but may be reopened a chapter or so later, with a few supplementary paragraphs of comparisons. None of her personages is ever a simple, average human being, just passably good or bad, like the casual person in real life. All of them, men and women alike, have the attributes of at least a score of ancient gods and modern heroes. When she wishes to tell us that Chandos, for instance, had a high forehead, fair hair, contemplative eyes and a selfish mouth, she writes instinctively that "The brow was magnificent, meditative enough for Plato's; the rich and gold-hued hair bright as any Helen's; the gaze of the eyes in rest thoughtful as might be that of Marcus Aurelius; the mouth, insouciant and epicurean as the lips of a Catullus." Similarly, the Princess Vera, a minor character in *Friendship,* is not merely fair and graceful. She is "one of the loveliest women that ever brightened a court;" she has "a face like the Cenci, a walk like a young Diana's; a

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smile like a child's, a grace like a flower's, eyes like a fawn's, fancies like a poet's, and a form that Titian would have given to Venus."

There is another character who plays an important rôle in *Friendship,* the Lady Joan Challoner, whose description is worth quoting at some length, for all unconsciously it forms a capital satire upon Ouida herself:

> She has some odds and ends of real art and real history jumbled together in her brain, like the many-coloured snips and shreds in a tailor's drawer in Spain. But they were all tumbled about pell-mell, and the wrong colours came up at the wrong time. . . . All her fiddles are Cremonas; all her sprigged china is Saxe, all her ugly plates are Palissy, all her naked people are Michael Angelo's, all her tapestries are Gobelin; all her terra cottas are Pentelic marbles. Now that is a mistake, you know; the world is too little for so very much treasure. She forgets that she makes her diamonds as cheap as pebbles.

Here in a few clever phrases we have two of Ouida's chief offences: She, too, makes her diamonds as cheap as pebbles, and piles on her historical colouring pell-mell. She ostentatiously spreads a cheap veneer of erudition over all she writes; her pages bristle with italics, with French and German and Italian, Latin and Greek; with the names of strange people and strange towns. They give the impression of having been written with a Baedeker in one hand and a biographical dictionary in the other. She piles up the names of dead and gone philosophers and poets and statesmen as though they had been the chosen comrades of her early years. She flings in references to half the capitals of Europe, with the familiar, half-patronising air of a weary, much-travelled citizen of the world. On the whole, the great wonder is that, with all these hit-or-miss references to history, science and art, she makes comparatively so few egregious blunders. The casual reader is seldom aware over what dangerously thin ice she glides. It is only now and then that she ventures a step or two beyond the limits of her classical phrase-book or her dictionary of biography and stumbles into such blunders as in *Chandos,* where she writes gravely: "Other men had for their motto *pro patria,* but he took for his *pro ego*"—apparently construing *ego* as an ablative singular of the first declension. Similarly curious are her ideas about the death of Petronius, about whom every reader of *Quo Vadis* could give her useful information. "It could have been no fun for Nero to torture him," she makes Chandos remark. "The old fellow never once winced."

Usually, however, Ouida covered up her limitations with a good deal of skill, as far as facts and dates and acute accents are concerned. It was in the broader generalities of life that she betrays herself. When she chose to write of the places she loved and the people she really knew, her mental vision was sufficiently clear. When she pictured Florence and the Maremma and the hills above the Arno, when she laid her scenes among the simple peasantry of Italy, she wrote pages that are pleasant even now to linger over, on account of their straightforward sincerity. But she perversely chose for the most part to write of a life that she obviously did not know—the most exclusive and aristocratic circles of London and Paris, Rome and St. Petersburg. From Trouville to Monte Carlo, from the Riviera to the Tyrol, she painted the same distorted, corrupt, fantastic picture of an opéra-bouffe aristocracy, wearing their vices openly, like a flamboyant suit of motley. Her lords and barons and dukes are usually bores and libertines and gamblers, who "spend the night over cards and wine, and gaze with hot, red eyes upon the rising sun." Her favourite heroes are combinations of cad and prig. Worse even than her men are her women, her titled ladies who are demi-mondaines in all but name, or else cold icicles of virtue, potential nuns who have somehow missed their vocation. Her young girls marry in babe-like ignorance of fundamental physical facts, and spend the rest of their lives in shuddering and "hoping that God will let them die soon." Society is a cesspool, virtue one of the lost arts, truth is forgotten at the bottom of her well, love and friendship mere figments of speech. To know Ouida at her worst, one must read *Granville de Vigne,* the book that first brought her into notice, and that later was published under a changed title, *Held in Bondage.* Ouida has always posed as something of a so-

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cialist, a bohemian, a foe of the upper classes. Yet it is obvious that she was proud of her De Vigne. He must be taken as representing her conception of what a true gentleman, an aristocrat of purest lineage, ought to be. In his student days, De Vigne is responsible for the ruin of a farmer's daughter, a casual occurrence mentioned not as being derogatory to her hero, but as showing the unreasonableness of the girl in expecting a De Vigne to stoop to marry her. The incident counts for so little with him that when he meets her again, five years later, he fails to recognise her and is tricked into a marriage; but learning his mistake too late, leaves her at the altar. Years later he meets another woman whom he learns to love—a young girl whom he is bound in honour to respect and protect. Concealing the fact that he is a married man, he urges his suit until he discovers that another man is entertaining designs as dishonourable as his own. As De Vigne is a model gentleman, it is interesting to learn what Ouida thinks he should do under these circumstances. Meeting the other man casually, he takes him by the collar, shakes him, thrashes him with his riding whip "as a man would thrash a cur," lifts him and throws him with care and precision down the entire length of a long flight of stone stairs, and then deliberately walks down after him and kicks him when he lies on the ground. And the incident is retailed afterward by admiring friends at his club as the fitting action of a finished gentleman.

It would be unfair, however, to judge Ouida by this first raw, crude effort. Its faults are in a measure the faults of her work as a whole, but it lacks the redeeming qualities of her later books. Ouida's novels group themselves conveniently into three classes, of which *Under Two Flags, Moths* and *Signa* may be taken respectively as representative novels. The first group includes mainly her earlier stories, all characterised by their extravagance of plot and multiplicity of adventure. The hero is usually a wanderer, a self-made exile, meekly bowing to the hard decree of Fate or voluntarily assuming the burden of another's sin. In *Granville de Vigne* he is fleeing to India to escape the memory of his wretched marriage; in *Chandos* he is stripped of his inheritance and driven out, a penniless wanderer, through the malignity of a secret enemy, who proves in the end to be a bastard brother. In *Under Two Flags,* also, it is a brother's sin, the forgery of a cheque, that drove Bertie Cecil to sacrifice his inheritance and bury himself alive in the ranks of the Chasseurs d'Afrique. In *Wanda,* it is a patrician wife's discovery of her base-born husband's parentage that sends him from her only to come creeping back and live the life of an outlaw, hiding in the mountain caverns of her estate merely for the joy of knowing that he is near to her. In *Tricotrin* the motive for exile is so slight, so flimsy, that one feels it is less a motive than a pretext. The hero is a born nomad, an Ishmaelite by choice. It was not because while a lad he was unjustly accused of theft that he abandoned a fortune and a title, but because the rôle of a modern Wandering Jew was one that appealed to him. *Tricotrin,* it may be added parenthetically, is in a measure a transition work. It has in certain chapters much of the simplicity, the sympathy for the peasantry and the love of nature that characterise Ouida's Italian stories *Signa* and *Pascarel* and *In Maremma;* and on the other hand, the development of the character of Vera, Tricotrin's waif, classes it in the second general group of her novels, stories that Ouida probably flattered herself were psychological studies of women.

This second group contains the volumes which called forth the greatest amount of protest at the time of their appearance. In forming a revised estimate of them from the vantage-ground of a score of years, what one regrets chiefly is that such good material was sacrificed to such a faulty method. The plots of books like *Moths, Guilderoy, Princess Napraxine, Syrlin* are full of opportunity. At the hands of a Bourget or a Prévost, they could have been developed into character studies worthy to take rank with *Mensonges* or *L'Automne d'Une Femme.* As it is, they are marred by the obvious falsity of all that the characters say or do. It is all so palpably evolved, not from real life, but from Ouida's inner consciousness. Besides, she disqualified herself for serious consideration as an exponent of her own sex by the deliberate extravagance of her whole attitude toward women: "Useless as butterflies, corroding

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as moths; untrue even to lovers and friends, because incapable of understanding any truth; caring only for physical comfort and mental intoxication; kissing like Judas, and denying in danger like Peter; tired of living, yet afraid of dying; believing, some in priests and some in physiologists, but none at all in virtue; sent to sleep by chlorodine and kept awake by raw meat and dry wines; cynical at twenty and exhausted at thirty, yet choosing rather to drop dead in the harness of pleasure than fall out of the chariot race for an instant; taking their passions as they take sherry in the morning and bitters before dinner; pricking their sated senses with the spices of lust or jealousy, and calling the unholy fever love; having outworn every form of excitement except the gambler's, which never palls, which they will still pursue when they shall have not a real tooth in their mouths nor a real hair on their heads, the women of modern society are, perhaps, at once the most feverish and the most frivolous, the basest and the feeblest, offspring of a false civilisation." In *Moths,* the volume in which this curious tirade is to be found, there is the case of a young girl, all idealism and innocence, forced by a mother's ingenious lies to marry a bestial Russian before she even knows the significance of what she is made to do. "She abhorred him, yet she accepted him. No mere obedience could account for that acceptance without some weakness or some cupidity of nature. It hardened him against her; it spoiled her lovely, pure childhood in his eyes; it made her shudder from him seem half hypocrisy." Here is a situation that needs the keenest intuition, the subtlest understanding of a woman's nature. Ouida handles it in a way that makes cheap melodrama. No woman ever lived before who was quite so chaste as Vere, no mother quite so heartless as Lady Dolly, no husband so brutal as Zouroff, no lover so seductive as Corrèze, the tenor whom Zouroff shoots through the throat, and who ultimately elopes with the heroine. There is a staccato note throughout the book, a superlative tone that constantly reminds one that these are not real living, breathing human beings, but puppets symbolising the extremes of human virtues and vices. *Princess Napraxine* is meant to be a study of a woman too cold and selfish ever to give real happiness to any man. She is true to her husband, not through virtue but indifference. She will not elope with the man who loves her and whom at times she half believes she loves, because she is sure that within six months she will be tired of him. And so Othmar out of pique marries a young girl who, unhappily for herself, really loves him, and two deaths must needs intervene before Princess Napraxine finds out that love is at least worth the trouble of a trial. If she were a shade less stereotyped, if she did not always move just so languidly and smile just so cruelly, if, in short, she ever showed herself capable of being swayed seriously by any emotion, good or bad, other than selfishness, she would be one of the most interesting of Ouida's whole gallery of women.

Freda Avillion, in *Syrlin,* is a near cousin to Nadine Napraxine—another of those women whom Ouida paints in sheer scorn of her sex. Lord Avillion's infidelities are notorious, yet his wife is not troubled by them, nor by the knowledge that the world, her world, knows them, and knows, too, that she knows them. The one thing which would trouble her would be the necessity of dropping the mask and owning her knowledge to the world. There is a singer in the story, Syrlin—another of those irresponsible, Bohemian characters like Corrèze and Tricotrin and Pascarel, whom Ouida likes to paint, because she can make them her mouthpiece to denounce the follies of a sinful world. Syrlin loves Freda, and so long as his love is a discreet, respectful homage she allows her heart to soften toward him. But Syrlin does not understand her world nor her code. He thinks to please her by avenging her husband's faithlessness by an insult so subtle, so studied, yet so unmistakable, that it brings upon her the very notoriety which she would have given her life to avoid. It is the one unpardonable offence, and Syrlin, when he realises his blunder, promptly executes his own death sentence. Taken separately, Ouida's studies of women are not without discernment and interest. But it is a mistake to read too many of them at once. Their burden is essentially the same—"there is not one feminine thing in a thousand that can love truly." And when that one is found she squanders her love upon a Guilderoy, who wearies of

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her; a Prince Ioris, who would have her share him with another, as in *Friendship;* an Este, who forgets her, as in *In Maremma.*

Whether Ouida's Italian stories are of greater or less literary value than her other works is a matter of individual opinion. Certainly they have a flavour of their own, so distinct and individual that it is difficult to realise that *Signa* and *Under Two Flags* were written by the same hand. It is worth while to speak of *Signa* at some length, for it is a comparatively little known volume, and yet one which might be read with pleasure by all who have ever come under the spell of Florentine skies or felt the poetry and the mystery of the Etruscan hills that overlook the Arno. Ouida knows every inch of the ground covered in this book, and loves it, too, the quaint old hillside town of Signa and the simplicity and industry and bitter poverty of its peasant population. The story concerns the life of a young musical genius, a peasant lad, who promises to become a second Mozart. The opening scene stands out with special vividness. Two brothers, Lippo and Bruno, come upon the dead body of Pippa, their missing sister, beside the Arno on the night of the flood. It is years since Pippa had disappeared from home, and now in her hour of need she has struggled back to die almost at the threshold, her nameless child, still living, in her arms. The brothers save the child, but they let the floods of Arno bear off poor Pippa and the family shame with her. Bruno, a sullen, solitary, plodding farmer, with an honest heart, faithfully pays year after year one-half his earnings to his cringing, lying, smooth-mannered brother for the maintenance of little Signa, until he learns how the little lad is being systematically beaten and starved and neglected. Then he takes the boy to his own home and gradually learns the novel charm of having some human creature to love and protect. Bruno's dream for the boy is to make him a farmer like himself, a well-to-do farmer with a bit of land of his own; but Signa has other and loftier dreams; there are voices constantly singing in his ears, music sweeter than the songs of the people or the voices of birds. He must go away to the big cities, where he may study and become great. And Bruno, dully comprehending, yet questioning the wisdom of it, lets him go. His fame is that of a meteor, a brief blaze of triumph, ending in the ruin wrought by a female thing who is as false as she is fair. And Bruno is guilty of the crowning blunder of thinking that the fundamental problems of life may be solved with a few inches of cold steel. What one remembers as long as anything else in the book is the closing sentence, which gives in epitome much of Ouida's philosophy of life:

> Signa can count her age by many centuries. Before the Latins were she knew Etruria; but, many as be her memories, she remembers no other thing than this; there is no justice that she knows of anywhere. Signa is wise. She lets the world go by, and sleeps.

It is too early to declare whether any considerable number of Ouida's novels are likely to live. Judged by the standards of to-day, there is many a novelist with better prospects of immortality, who might be more easily spared. Her genius is of an erratic type that is most likely to have justice done it by those who do not stop to measure and weigh and analyse, but simply read straight on, yielding themselves to the magnetism which, for some readers, she undoubtedly possesses. It is comparatively easy to pick flaws in her style, her ethics and her plots—far easier than to explain why she now and then takes the most sceptical reader captive and sweeps him along in the whirlwind and torrent of her descriptions, thrills him with impossible standards of faith and trust and honour, and makes him accept with the credulity of a little child adventures that his sober judgment tells him are a tissue of grotesque impossibilities. Such deeds of bravery and devotion and self-sacrifice as are recorded in *Under Two Flags* are not to be met with in real life. Yet there is something rather splendid about the very audacity of the book. It is full of scenes not easily forgotten—the spirited horse-race of the early chapters, the scene of the accusation when Bertie, charged with forgery, realises the truth that the forger is his own brother; the whole sequence of scenes between Bertie, the obscure, unknown Chasseur d'Afrique, and the French officer who hates him—that pro-

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longed and silent duel of clashing will powers between the colonel who is a boor and the private soldier who, through misery and loneliness and degradation, cannot forget that he is a gentleman. Finally, the insult offered to the woman he loves, the avenging blow in the face of his superior officer—man to man at last, just for that one instant—the arrest, the sentence, and then Cigarette's wonderful quest for a reprieve; the mad daring of her race against time to deliver it; and in the moment of triumph, the death that she herself would have chosen—a soldier's death for the girl whose proudest titles had been those of "Child of the Army" and "Soldier of France." It is good now and then to meet with books that stir one's pulses and awaken an enthusiastic thrill, even if they do sin against logic and probability and established literary canons. Such books are so few and far between that the world will not willingly let them die. And that is why it is safe to predict that so long as Ouida is remembered at all she will be remembered as author of *Under Two Flags.*

Frederic Taber Cooper.

WHEN CLOSING SWINBURNE

The Greeks of old who sang to flute and lyre
Half schooled coy Melody to walk with Speech;
Lo, madly here she yields to his desire,
And lovers grown, they mingle each with each!

Arthur Stringer.

HISTORY OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY IN CARICATURE.

By

Frederic Taber Cooper and Arthur Bartlett Maurice

Part Second.—1815–1848 (with some allusion to the Caricature of the American War of 1812).

With the downfall of Napoleon the Gillray school of caricature came to an abrupt and very natural close. It was a school born of fear and nurtured upon rancour—a school that indulged freely in obscenity and sacrilege, and did not hesitate to stoop to kick the fallen hero, to heap insult and ignominy upon Napoleon in his exile. Only during a great world crisis, a death struggle of nations, could popular opinion have tolerated such wanton disregard for decency. And when the crisis was passed it came to an end like some malignant growth, strangled by its own virulence. The truth is that Gillray and Rowlandson led caricature into an *impasse;* they deliberately perverted its true function, which is, to advance an argument with the cogent force of a clever orator, to sum up a political issue in terms so simple that a child may read, and not merely to echo back the blatant rancour of the mob. In the hands of a master of the art it becomes an incisive weapon, like the blade with which the matador gives his *coup-de-grâce.* Gill-

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JOHN BULL making a new BATCH of SHIPS to send to the LAKES

This cartoon, by William Charles, a Scotchman who was forced to leave Great Britain, and who came to the United States, and wielded his pencil against his renounced country, is in many ways an imitator of Gillray's famous "Tiddy Doll, the Great French Gingerbread-Baker, making a new Batch of Kings."

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ray's conception of its office seems to have been that of the red rag to be flapped tauntingly in the face of John Bull; and John Bull obediently bellowed in response. It would be idle to deny that, for the purpose of spurring on public opinion, the Napoleonic cartoons exercised a potent influence. They kept popular excitement at fever heat; they added fuel to the general hatred. But when the crisis was passed, when the public pulse was beating normally once more, when virulent attacks upon a helpless exile had ceased to seem amusing, there really remained no material upon which caricature of the Gillray type could exercise its offensive ingenuity. What seemed justifiable license when directed against the arch-enemy of European peace would have been insufferable when applied to British statesmen and to the milder problems of local political issues. Another and quite practical reason helps to explain the dearth of political caricature in England for a full generation after the battle of Waterloo, and that is the question of expense. A public which freely gave shillings and even pounds to see its hatred of "Little Boney" interpreted with Gillray's vindictive malice hesitated to expend even pennies for a cartoon on the corn laws or the latest ministerial changes. In England, as well as on the Continent, caricature as an effective factor in politics remained in abeyance until the advent of an essentially modern type of periodical, the comic weekly, of which *La Caricature,* the London *Punch,* the *Fliegende Blätter,* and in this country *Puck* and *Judge,* are the most famous examples. The progress of lithography made such a periodical possible in France as early as 1830, when *La Caricature* was founded by the famous Philipon; but the oppressive laws of censorship throughout Europe prevented any wide development of this class of journalism until after the general political upheaval of 1848.

It would be idle, however, to deny that Gillray exerted a lasting influence upon all future caricature. His license, his vulgarity, his repulsive perversion of the human face and form, have found no disciples in later generations; but his effective assemblage of many figures, the crowded significance of minor details, the dramatic unity of the whole conception which he inherited from Hogarth, have been passed on down the line and still

A CARICATURE OF THE WAR OF 1812

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continue to influence the leading cartoonists of to-day in England, Germany and the United States, although to a much less degree in France. Even at the time of Napoleon's downfall the few cartoons which appeared in Paris were far less extreme than their English models, while the German caricaturists, on the contrary, were extremely virulent, notably the Berliner, Schadow, who openly acknowledged his indebtedness to the Englishman by signing himself the Parisian Gillray; and Volz, author of the famous "true portrait of Napoleon"—a portrait in which Napoleon's face, upon closer inspection, is seen made up of a heap of inextricably tangled dead bodies, his head surmounted by a bird of prey, his breast a map of Europe overspread by a vast spider web, in which the different national capitals are entangled like so many luckless flies. Had there been more liberty of the press, an interesting school of political cartoonists might have arisen at this time in Germany. But they met with such scanty encouragement that little of real interest is to be gleaned from this source until after the advent of the Berlin *Kladderadatsch* in 1848, and the *Fliegende Blätter,* but a short time earlier.

Throughout the Napoleonic period England practically had a monopoly in caricature. During the second period down to the year 1848, France is the centre of interest. Prior to 1830 French political cartoons were neither numerous nor especially significant. Indeed, they present a simplicity of imagination rather amusing as compared with the complicated English caricatures. A hate of the Jesuits, a mingling of liberalism touched with Bonapartism and the war of newspapers furnished the theme. The two symbols constantly recurring are the *girouette,* or weathercock, and the *éteignoir,* or extinguisher. Many of the French statesmen who played a prominent part during the French Empire and after the Restoration changed their political creed with such surprising rapidity that it was difficult to keep track of their changes. They were accordingly symbolised by a number of weathercocks proportioned to the number of their political conversions, Talleyrand leading the procession with not less than seven to his credit. The *éteignoir* was constantly used

Bruin become MEDIATOR *or Negociation for* PEACE.

RUSSIA AS MEDIATOR BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND GREAT BRITAIN.

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in satire directed against the priesthood, the most famous instance appearing in the *Minerva* in 1819. It took for the text a refrain from the song of Beranger. In this cartoon the Church is personified by the figure of the Pope holding in one hand a sabre, a paper with the words Bulls, crusades, Sicilian vespers, St. Bartholomew. Beside the figure of the Church, torch in hand, is the demon of discord. From the smoke of the torch of the demon various horrors are escaping. We read the restoration of feudal rights, feudal privileges, division of families. Monks are trying to snuff out the memory of Fénelon, Buffon, Voltaire, Rosseau, Montaigne and other philosophers and figures. For ten years the caricaturists played with this theme. A feeble forerunner of *La Caricature*, entitled *Le Nain Jaune*, depended largely for its wit upon the variations it could improvise upon the *girouette* and upon the *éteignoir*.

Yet it would be a mistake to suppose that French art was quite destitute of humourists at the beginning of the century.

THE PIOUS MONARCH. CARICATURE OF CHARLES X.

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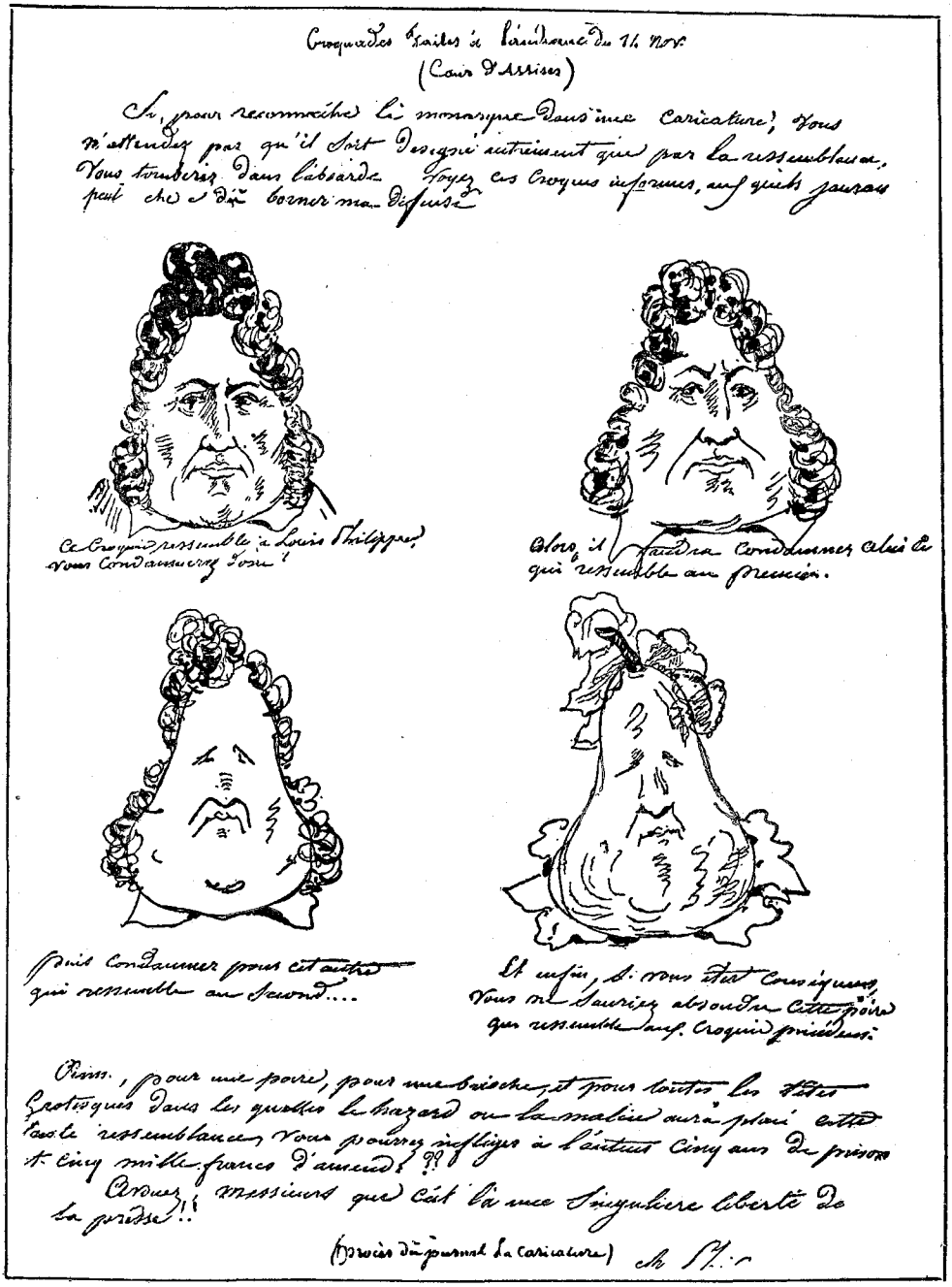
Monsieur Armand Dayot, in a study of French caricature, mentions among others the names of Isabey, Boilly and Carle Vernet as rivalling the English cartoonists in the ingenuity of their designs, and surpassing them in artistic finish and harmony of colour. "But," he adds, "they were never able to go below the surface in their satire. It would be a mistake to enroll in the hirsute cohort of car-



FACSIMILE OF THE FAMOUS DEFENCE PRESENTED BY PHILIPON WHEN ON TRIAL FOR LIBELLING THE KING.

"Is it my fault, gentlemen of the jury, if his Majesty's face looks like a pear?"

For full description see page 166.

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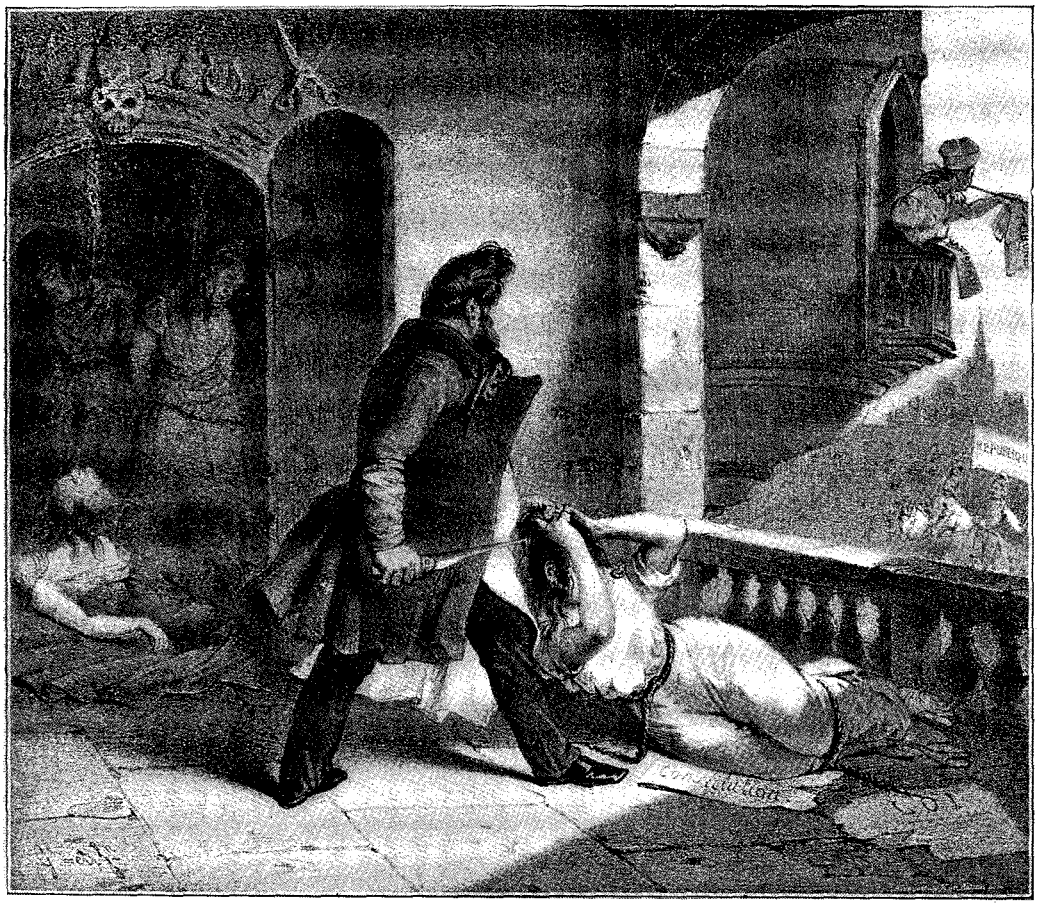
icaturists these witty and charming artists, who were more concerned in depicting the pleasures of mundane life than in castigating its vices and irregularities." The 4th of November, 1830, is a momentous date in the history of French caricature. Prior to that time French cartoons, such as there were, were studiously, even painfully, impersonal. Thackeray, in his delightful essay upon "Caricatures and Lithography" in the *Paris Sketch Book*, describes the conditions of this period with the following whimsical allegory:

As for poor caricature and freedom of the press, they, like the rightful princes in a fairy tale, with the merry fantastic dwarf, her attendant, were entirely in the power of the giant who rules the land. The Princess, the press, were so closely watched and guarded (with some little show, nevertheless, of respect for her rank) that she dared not utter a word of her own thoughts; and as for poor Caricature, he was gagged and put out of the way altogether.

On this famous 4th of November, however, there appeared the initial number of Philipon's *La Caricature*, which was destined to usher in a new era of comic art, and which proved the most efficacious weapon which the Republicans found to use against Louis Philippe—a weapon as redoubtable as *La Lanterne* of Henri Rochefort became under the Second Empire. Like several of his most famous collaborators, Charles Philipon



LOUIS PHILIPPE AS BLUEBEARD.

"The Press, my sister, do you see anything?"
"Nothing but the July sun beating on the dusty road."

"The Press, my sister, do you see anything?"
"Two Cavaliers, urging their horses across the plain, and bearing a banner."

(See page 174.)

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THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON IN CARICATURE.

From the Collection of the New York Public Library.

was a Meridional. He was born in Lyons at the opening of the century. He studied art in the atelier of Gros. He married into the family of an eminent publisher of prints, Monsieur Aubert, and was himself successively the editor of the three most famous comic papers that France has had, *La Caricature, Charivari* and the *Journal Pour Rire.* The first of these was a weekly paper. The *Charivari* appeared daily, and at first its cartoons were almost exclusively political. Philipon had gathered around him a group of artists, men like Daumier, Gavarni, Henry Monnier and Traviès, whose names afterward became famous, and they united in a veritable crusade of merciless ridicule against the King, his family and his supporters. Their satire took the form of bitter personal attacks, and a very curious contest ensued between the government and the editorial staff of the *Charivari.* As Thackeray sums it up, it was a struggle between "half a dozen poor artists on the one side and His Majesty Louis Philippe, his august family and the numberless place men and supporters of the monarchy on the other; it was something like Thersites girding at Ajax." Time after time were Philipon and his dauntless aides arrested. More than a dozen times they lost their cause before a jury, yet each defeat was equivalent to a victory, bringing them new sympathy, and each time they returned to the attack with cartoons which, if more covert in their meaning, were even more offensive. Perhaps the most famous of all the cartoons which originated in Philipon's fertile brain is that of the "Pear," which did so much to turn the countenance of Louis Philippe to ridicule—a ridicule which did more than anything else to cause him to be driven from the French throne. The "Pear" was reproduced in various forms in *La Caricature,* and afterward in *Le Charivari.* By inferior artists the "Pear" was chalked up on the walls all over Paris. The cartoon, which is reproduced in the present article, was produced when Philipon was obliged to

CHARLES X IN THE RÔLE OF THE "GREAT NUTCRACKER."

In this caricature Charles X is attempting to break with his teeth a billiard ball on which is written the word "Charter." The cartoon is entitled "The Great Nutcracker of July 25th, or the Impotent Horse-jaw" (ganache)—a play upon words.

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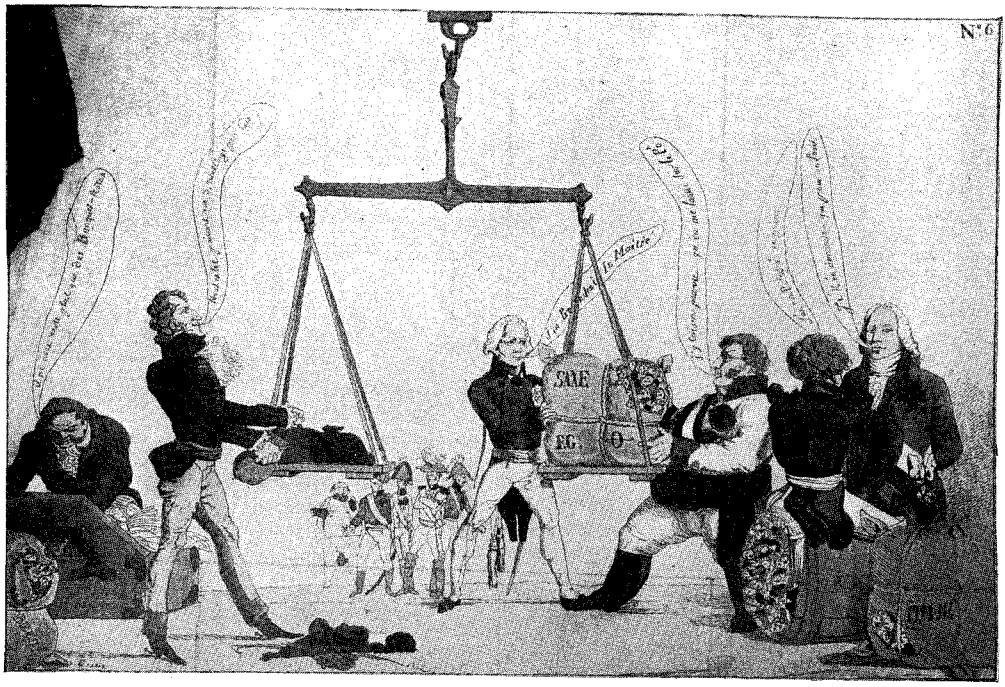
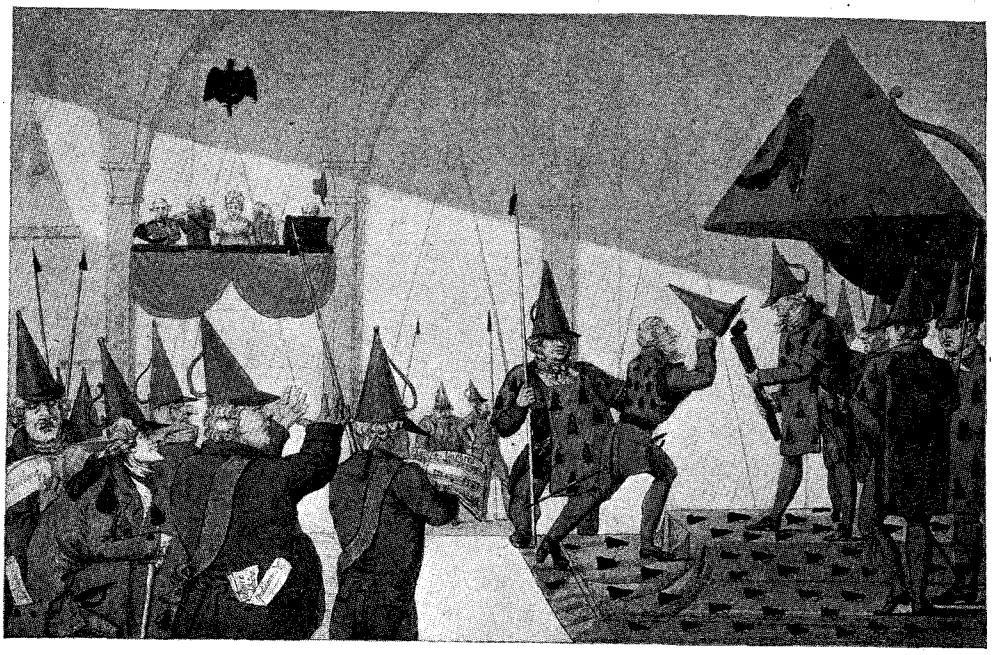


ADJUSTING THE BALANCE OF POWER AFTER NAPOLEON.

appear before a jury to answer for the crime of provoking contempt against the King's person by giving such a ludicrous version of his face. In his own defence Philipon took up a sheet of paper and drew a large Burgundy pear, in the lower



THE ORDER OF THE EXTINGUISHERS. A TYPICAL FRENCH CARTOON OF THE RESTORATION.

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parts round and capacious, narrower near the stalk and crowned with two or three careless leaves. "Is there any treason in that?" he asked the jury. Then he drew a second pear like the first, except that one or two lines were scrawled in the midst of it, which bore somehow an odd resemblance to the features of a celebrated personage; and lastly, he produced the exact portrait of Louis Philippe; the well-known *toupet,* the ample whiskers—nothing was extenuated or set down maliciously. "Gentlemen of the jury," said Philipon, "can I help it if His Majesty's face is like a pear?" Thackeray, in giving an account of this amusing trial, makes the curious error of supposing that Philipon's *naïve* defence carried conviction with the jury. On the contrary, Philipon was condemned and fined, and immediately took vengeance upon the judge and jury by arranging their portraits upon the front page of *Charivari* in the form of a "Pear." In a hundred different ways his artists rang the changes upon the "pear," and each new attack was the forerunner of a new arrest and trial. One day *La Caricature* published a design representing a gigantic pear surmounting the pedestal in the Place de la Concorde, and bearing the legend, *"Le monument expia-poire."* This regicidal pleasantry brought Philipon once more into court. "The prosecution sees in this a provocation to murder!" cried the accused. "It would be at the most a provocation to make marmalade." Finally, after a picture of a monkey stealing a pear proved to be an indictable offence, the subject was abandoned as being altogether too expensive a luxury.

But although the "Pear" was forced to disappear, Philipon continued to harass the government until Louis Philippe, who had gained his crown largely by his championship of the freedom of the press, was driven in desperation to sanction the famous September laws, which virtually strangled its liberty. Yet in spite of the obstacles thrown in their way, the work of Philipon and of the remarkable corps of satirical geniuses which he gathered round him, forms a pictorial record of the intimate history of France, from Charles X.'s famous *coup d'état* down to the revolution of 1848, which may be read like an open book. The adversaries of the government of 1830 were of two kinds. One kind, of which Armand Carrel was a type, resorted to passionate argument, to indignant eloquence. The other resorted to the methods of the Fronde; they made war by pin-pricks, by bursts of laughter, with all the resources of French gaiety and wit. In this method the leading spirit was Philipon, who understood clearly the power that would result from the closest

RAID ON THE WORKSHOP OF THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

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THE PEOPLE THROWN INTO THE PIT HELD BY THE MONSTERS OF VARIOUS TAXES.
For full description see page 172.

"Once more, Madame, do you wish divorce, or do you not wish divorce? You are perfectly free to choose?"

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alliance between *la presse et l'image.* Even before *La Caricature* was founded the features of the last of the Bourbons became a familiar subject in cartoons. Invariably the same features are emphasised: a tall, lank figure, frequently contorted like the "india-rubber man" of the dime museums; a narrow, vacuous countenance, a high, receding forehead, over which sparse locks of hair are straggling; a salient jaw, the lips drawn back in a mirthless grin, revealing huge, ungainly teeth projecting like the incisors of a horse. In one memorable cartoon he is expending the full crushing power of these teeth upon the famous "charter" of 1830, but is finding it a nut quite too hard to crack.

From the very beginning *La Caricature* assumed an attitude of hostile suspicion toward Louis Philippe, the pretended champion of the *bourgeoisie,* whose veneer of expedient republicanism never went deeper than to send his children to the public schools, and to exhibit himself parading the streets of Paris, umbrella in hand. Two cartoons which appeared in the early days of his reign, and are labelled respectively *"Ne vous y frottez pas"* and *"Il va bon train, le Ministère!"* admirably illustrate the public lack of confidence. The first of these, an eloquent lithograph by Daumier, represents a powerfully built and resolute young journeyman printer standing with hands clinched, ready to defend the liberty of the press. In the background are two groups. In the one Charles X., already worsted in an encounter, lies prone upon the earth; in the other Louis Philippe, waving his ubiquitous umbrella, is with difficulty restrained from assuming the aggressive. The second of these cartoons is more sweeping in its indictment. It represents the sovereign and his ministers in their "chariot of state," one and

TRAVIÈS'S "MAYEUX."

"Adam destroyed us by the apple; Lafayette by the pear."

For full description see page 176.

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all lashing the horses into a mad galop toward a bottomless abyss. General Soult, the Minister of War, is flourishing and snapping a military flag, in place of a whip. At the back of the chariot a Jesuit has succeeded in securing foothold upon the baggage and is adding his voice to hasten the forward march, all symbolic of the violent momentum of the reactionary movement.

It was not likely that the part which Louis Philippe played in the revolution of 1789, his share in the republican victories of Jemappes and of Valmy, would be forgotten by those who saw in him only a pseudo-republican, a "citizen king" in name only, and who seized eagerly upon the opportunity of mocking at his youthful espousal of republicanism. The names of these battles recur again and again in the caricature of the period, in the legends, in maps conspicuously hung upon the walls of the background. An anonymous cut represents the public gazing eagerly into a magic lantern, the old "Poire" officiating as showman: "You have before you the conqueror of Jemappes and of Valmy. You see him surrounded by his nobles, his generals and his family, all ready to die in his defence. See how the jolly rascals fight. They are not the ones to be driven in disgrace from their kingdom. Oh, no!" Of all the cartoons touching upon Louis Philippe's insincerity, probably the most famous is that of Daumier commemorating the death of Lafayette. The persistent popularity of this veteran statesman had steadily become more and more embarrassing to a government whose reactionary doctrines he repudiated and whose political corruption he despised. *"Enfoncé Lafayette! . . . Attrapé, mon vieux!"* is the legend inscribed beneath what is unquestionably one of the most extraordinary of all the caricatures of Honoré Daumier. It represents Louis Philippe watching the funeral cortège of Lafayette, his hands raised to his face in the pretence of grief, but the face behind distorted into a hideous leer of gratification. M. Arsène Alexandre, in his remarkable work on Daumier, describes this splendid drawing in the following terms: "Under a grey sky, against the sombre and broken background of a

LOUIS PHILIPPE AT THE FUNERAL OF LAFAYETTE. "Enfoncé Lafayette! . . . Attrapé, mon vieux!"

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cemetery, rises on a little hillock the fat and black figure of an undertaker's man. Below him on a winding road is proceeding a long funeral procession. It is the crowd that has thronged to the obsequies of the illustrious patriot. Through the leafage of the weeping willows may be seen the white tombstones. The whole scene bears the mark of a profound sadness, in which the principal figure seems to join, if one is to judge by his sorrowful attitude and his clasped hands. But look closer. If this undertaker's man with the features of Louis Philippe is clasping his hands, it is simply to rub them together with joy; and through his fingers, half hiding his countenance, one may detect a sly grin." The obsequious attitude of the members of Parliament came in for its share of satirical abuse. "This is not a Chamber, it is a Kennel," is the title of a spirited lithograph by Grandville, representing the French statesmen as a pack of hounds fawning beneath the lash of their imperious keeper, Casimir-Périer. Another characteristic cartoon of Grandville's represents the legislature as an "Infernal laboratory for extracting the quintessence of politics"—a composition which in its crowded detail, its grim and uncanny suggestiveness, and above all its *bizarre* distortions of the human face and form, shows more plainly the influence of Gillray than the work of any other French caricaturist. A collection of grinning skulls are labelled "Analysis of Human Thought;" state documents of Louis Philippe are being cut and weighed and triturated, while in the foreground a legislator with distended cheeks is wasting an infinite lot of breath upon a blowpipe in his effort to distil the much-sought-for quintessence from a retort filled with fragments of the words "Bonapartism," "anarchy," "equality," "republic," etc. One of the palpable results of the "political quintessence" of Louis Philippe's government took the form of heavy imposts, and these also afforded a subject for Grandville's graphic pencil. "The Public Thrown to the Imposts in the Great Pit of the Budget" first appeared in *La Caricature.* It represented the various taxes under which France was suffering in the guise of strange and unearthly animals congregated in a sort of bear pit, somewhat similar to the one which attracts the attention of all visitors to the city of Berne. The spectacle is one given by the government in power for the amusement of all those connected in any way with public office; in other words, the salaried officials who draw their livelihood from the taxes imposed upon the people. It is for their entertainment that the tax-paying public is being hurled to the monsters below—monsters more uncouth and fantastic than even Mr. H. G. Wells's fertile brain conceived in his *War of the Worlds* or *First Men in the Moon.* Daumier in his turn had to have his fling at the ministerial benches of the government of July—the "prostituted Chamber of 1834." At the present day, when the very names of the men whom he attacked are half forgotten, his famous cartoon "Le Ventre Legislatif" is still interesting; yet it is impossible to realise the impression it must have made in the days when every one of those "ventrigoulus," those rotund, somnolent, inanely smiling old men, with the word *"bourgeoisie"* plainly written all over them, were familiar figures in the political world, and Daumier's presentment of them, one and all, a masterly indictment of complacent incapacity. As between Daumier and Grandville, the two leading lights of *La Caricature,* there is little question that the former was the greater. Balzac, who was at one time one of the editors of *La Caricature,* writing under the pseudonym of "Comte Alexandre de B.," and was the source of inspiration of one of its leading features, the curious *Études de Genre,* once said of Daumier: *"Ce gaillard-la, mes enfants, a du Michel-Ange sous la peau."* Balzac took Daumier under his protection from the beginning. His first counsel to him was: "If you wish to become a great artist, *faites des dettes!"* Grandville has been defined by later French critics as *un névrose,* a bitter and pessimistic soul. It was he who produced the cruellest compositions that ever appeared in *La Caricature.* He had, however, some admirable pages to his credit, among others his interpretation of Sebastian's famous "L'Ordre règne a Varsovie." Fearfully sinister is the field of carnage, with the Cossack, with bloody "pique," mounting guard, smoking his pipe tranquilly, on his face the horrible expression of satisfaction over a work well done. Grandville also conceived the idea, worthy of a great car-

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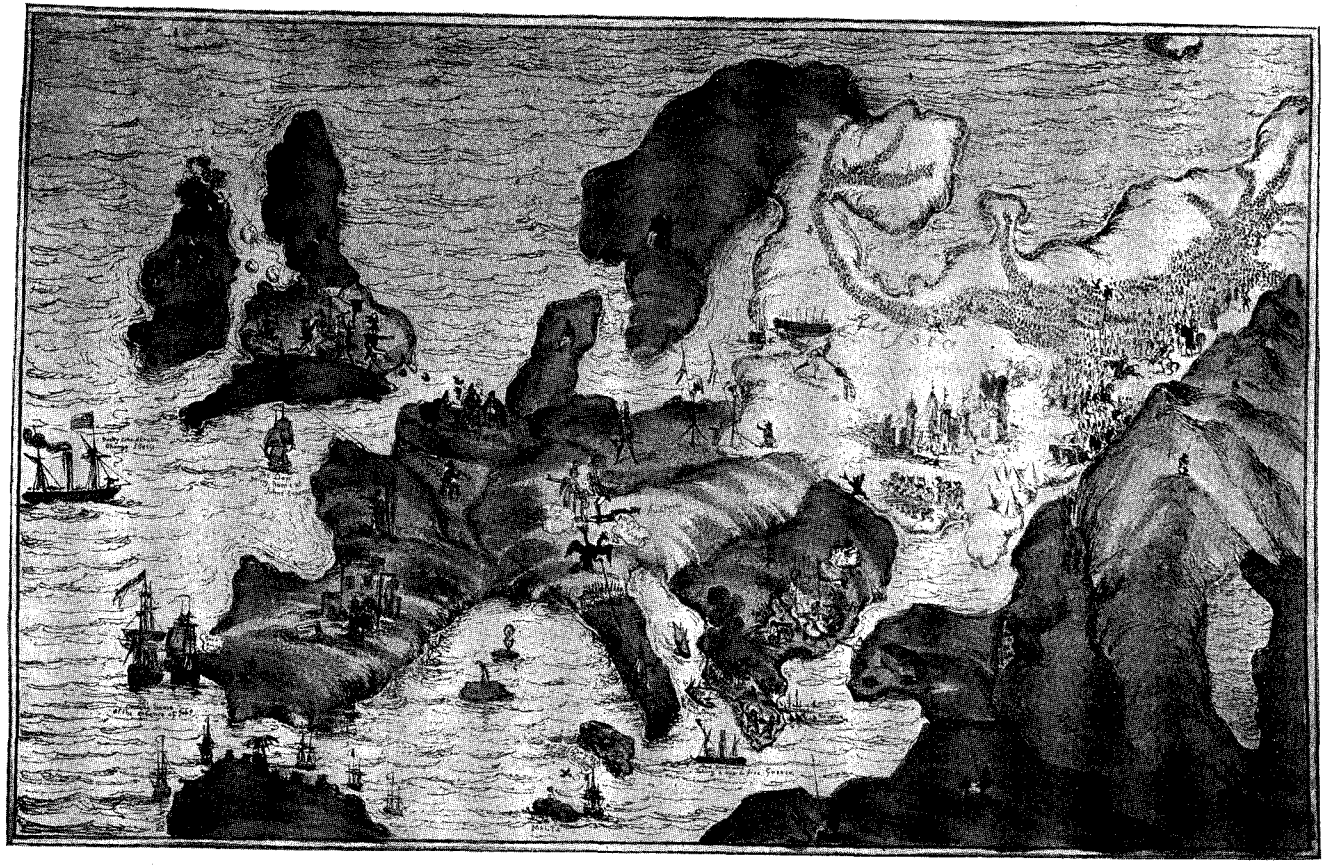

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF EUROPE IN 1830.

From the Collection of the New York Public Library.

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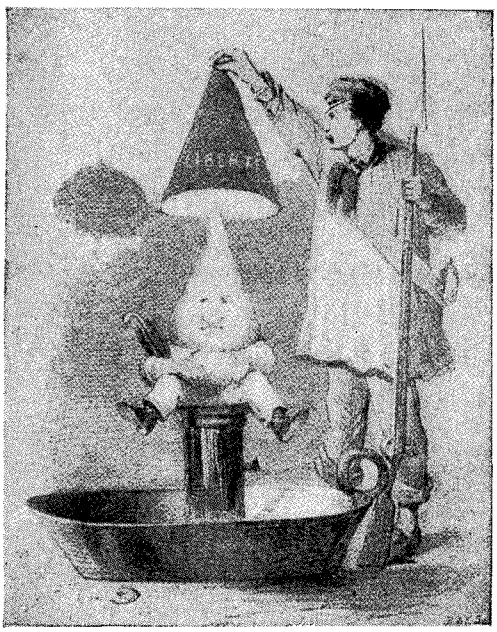
toonist, of Processions and Cortèges. These enabled him to have pass before the eye, under costumes, each conveying some subtle irony or allusion, all the political men in favour. Every occasion was good. A religious procession, and the men of the day appeared as choir boys, as acolytes, etc. *Un vote de budget,* and then it was *une marche de bœuf gras,* with savages, musketeers, clowns forming the escort of "M. Gros, gras et bête." It is easy to guess who was the personage so designated. Nothing is more amusing than these pages, full of a *verve, soutenue de pince sans rire.*

It is one of the many little ironies of Louis Philippe's reign that after having owed his election to his supposed advocacy of freedom of the press, he should in less than two years take vigorous measures to stifle it. Some of the best known cartoons that appeared in *La Caricature* deal with this very subject. One of these, which bears the signature of Grandville and is marked by all the vindictive bitterness of which that artist was the master, represents Louis Philippe in the rôle of Bluebeard, who, dagger in hand, is about to slay his latest wife. "This wife, the "Constitution," lies prostrate, bound with thongs.



EXTINGUISHED!

LOUIS PHILIPPE AS CAIN WITH THE ANGELS OF JUSTICE IN PURSUIT.

The corpses of this political Bluebeard's other victims may be seen through the open door of the secret chamber. Leaning over the balcony and scanning the horizon is the figure of Sister Anne, in this case symbolic of the Press. The unfortunate "Constitution," feeling that her last minute has come, calls out: "The Press, my sister, do you see nothing coming?" The Press replies: "I see only the sun of July beating down, powdering the dusty road and parching the green fields. Again the Constitution cries: "The Press, my sister, do you see nothing coming?" And this time the Press calls back: "I see two cavaliers urging their horses across the plain and carrying a banner." Below the castle of Bluebeard may be seen the figures of the two cavaliers. The banner which they carry bears the significant word, "Republic!"

Another cartoon bearing upon the same subject represents Liberty wearing a Phrygian cap, driving the chariot of the sun. The King and his ministers and judges, above whom a crow hovers ominously, flapping its black wings, are seeking to stop the course of liberty by thrusting between the spokes of the wheels sticks and rods inscribed "Lawsuits against the Press," while Talleyrand comes to their aid by throwing beneath the wheels stones symbolising "standing armies," "imposts," "holy alliance," and so forth. This cartoon is inscribed: "It would be easier to stop the course of the sun," and is the work of Traviès, who is best known as the creator

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BARBARISM AND THE CHOLERA INVADING EUROPE IN 1831.

of the grotesque hunchback figure, "Mayeux." A peculiar feature of French caricature, especially after political subjects were largely forbidden, was the creation of certain famous types who soon became familiar to the French public, and whose reappearance from day to day in new and ever grotesque situations were hailed with growing delight. Such were the Mayeux of Traviès and the Macaire

THE RESUSCITATION OF THE FRENCH CENSORSHIP. BY GRANDVILLE.

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NEW EDITION OF MACBETH—BANK-OH'S GHOST! 1837. ONE OF THE CARICATURES INSPIRED BY THE UNITED STATES BANK CASE.

From the Collection of the New York Public Library.

and Bertrand of Daumier, who in course of time became as celebrated in a certain sense as the heroes of *The Three Musketeers.* In his *Curiosités Esthétiques* Beaudelaire has told the story of the origin of Mayeux. "There was," he says, "in Paris a sort of clown named Le Claire, who had the run of various low resorts and theatres. His specialty was to make *têtes d'expression,* that is, by a series of facial contortions he would express successively the various human passions. This man, a clown by nature, was very melancholy and possessed with a mad desire for friendship. All the time not occupied in practice and in giving his grotesque performances he spent in searching for a friend, and when he had been drinking, tears of solitude flowed freely from his eyes. Traviès saw him. It was at a time when the great patriotic enthusiasm of July was still at its height. A luminous idea entered his brain. Mayeux was created, and for a long time afterward this same turbulent Mayeux talked, screamed, harangued and gesticulated in the memory of the people of Paris."

In a hundred different guises, in the blue blouse of the workman, the apron of the butcher, the magisterial gown of judge or advocate, this hunchback Mayeux, this misshapen parody upon humanity, endeared himself to the Parisian public. Virulent, salacious, corrupt, he was a sort of French Mr. Hyde—the shadow of secret weaknesses and vices, lurking behind the Dr. Jekyll of smug *bourgeois* respectability; and the French public recognised him as a true picture of their baser selves. They laughed indulgently over the broad, Rabelaisian jests that unfailingly accompanied each new cartoon—jests which M. Dayot has admirably characterised as "seasoned with coarse salt, more German than Gallic, and forming a series of legends which might be made into a veritable catechism of pornography." This Mayeux series is not, strictly speaking, political in its essence. It touches upon all sides of life, without discrimination and without respect. It even trespasses upon the subject of that forbidden fruit, "Le Poire." In an oft-cited cartoon, Mayeux with extended arms, his head sunken lower than usual between his huddled shoulders, is declaiming: "Adam destroyed us with the apple; Lafayette has destroyed us with the pear!" And later, when repeated arrests, verdicts, fines, edicts had banished politics from

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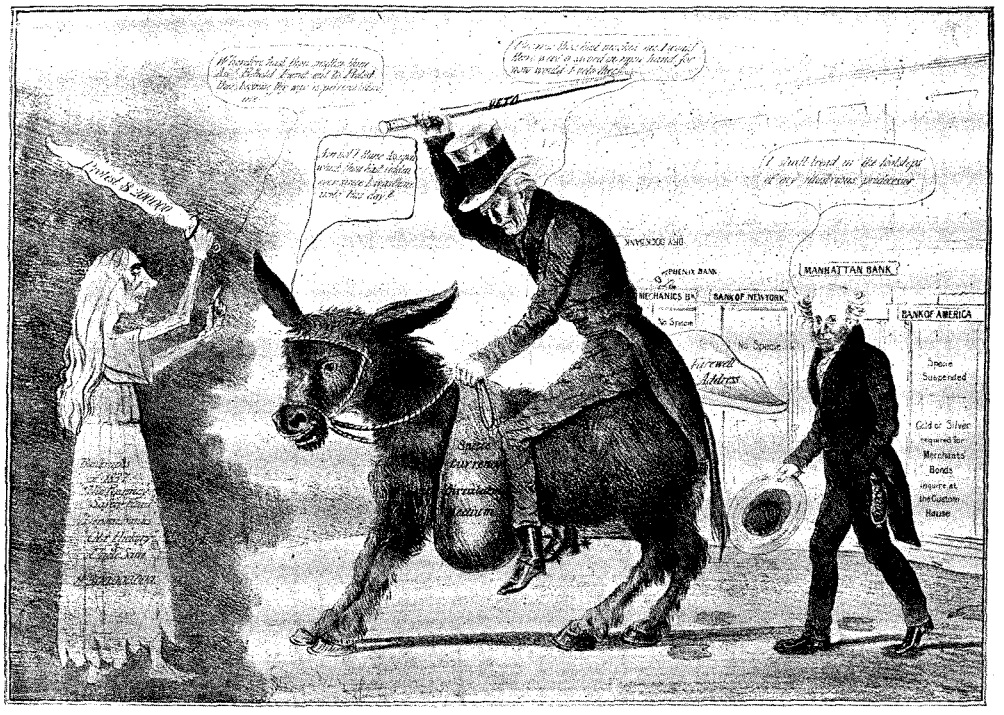

BALAAM AND BALAAM'S ASS.

One of the caricatures inspired by the United States Bank Case.

From the Collection of the New York Public Library.

the arena of caricature, Mayeux was still a privileged character. Like Chicot, the jester, who could speak his mind fearlessly to his "Henriquet," while the ordinary courtier cringed obsequiously, Mayeux shared the proverbial privilege of children and buffoons, to speak the truth. And oftentimes it was not even necessary for his creator, Traviès, to manifest any overt political significance; the public were always more than ready to look for it below the surface. In such a picture as that of Mayeux, in Napoleonic garb striking an attitude before a portrait of the Little Corporal and exclaiming, "Comme je lui ressemble!" they inevitably discovered a hint that there were other hypocrites more august than Mayeux who fancied themselves worthy of filling Napoleon's shoes.

Even more famous than Mayeux are the Macaire and Bertrand series, the joint invention of Philipon, who supplied the ideas and the text, and of Daumier, who executed the designs. According to Thackeray, whose analysis of these masterpieces of French caricature has become classic, they found their origin in an old play, the *Auberge des Adrets,* in which two thieves escaped from the galleys were introduced, Robert Macaire, the clever rogue, and Bertrand, his friend, the "butt and scapegoat on all occasions of danger." The play had been half-forgotten when it was revived by a popular and clever actor, Frederick Lemaître, who used it as a vehicle for political burlesque. The play was suppressed, but *Le Charivari* eagerly seized upon the idea and continued it from day to day in the form of a pictorial puppet show, of which the public never seemed to weary. Thackeray's summary of the characters of these two illustrious rascals can scarcely be improved upon:

M. Robert Macaire, he says, is a compound of Fielding's "Blueskin" and Goldsmith's "Beau Tibbs." He has the dirt and dandyism of the one, with the ferocity of the other: sometimes he is made to swindle, but where he can get a shilling more, M. Macaire will

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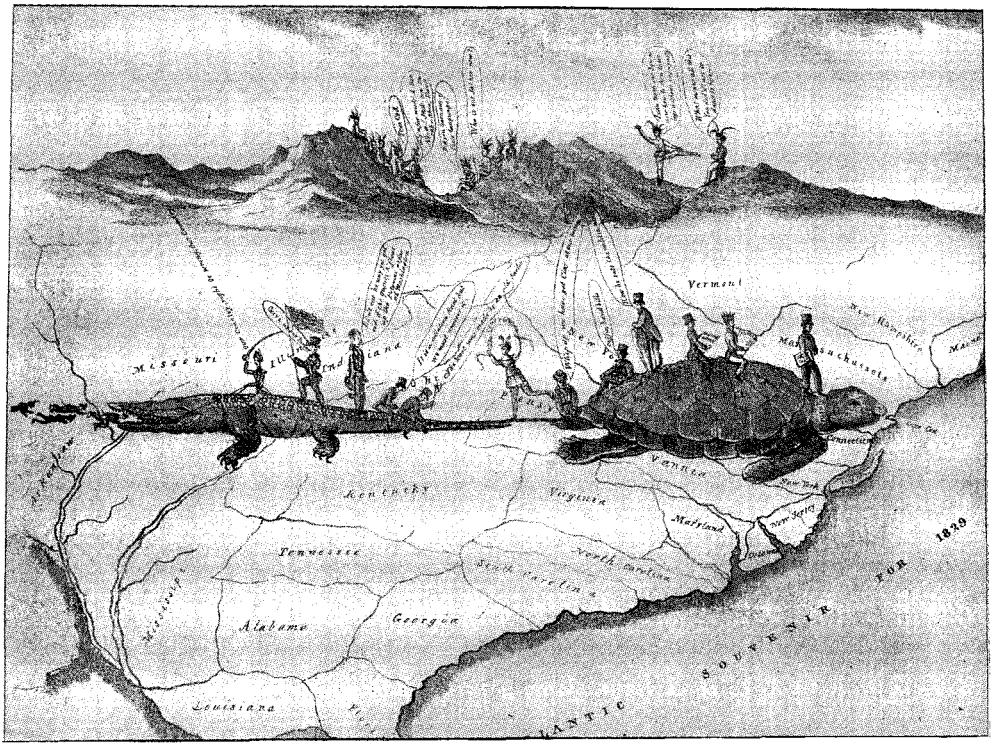
murder without scruple; he performs one and the other act (or any in the scale between them) with a similar bland imperturbability, and accompanies his actions with such philosophical remarks as may be expected from a person of his talents, his energies, his amiable life and character. Bertrand is the simple recipient of Macaire's jokes, and makes vicarious atonement for his crimes, acting, in fact, the part which pantaloon performs in the pantomime, who is entirely under the fatal influence of clown. He is quite as much a rogue as that gentleman, but he has not his genius and courage. . . . Thus Robert Macaire and his companion Bertrand are made to go through the world; both swindlers, but the one more accomplished than the other. Both robbing all the world, and Robert robbing his friend, and, in the event of danger, leaving him faithfully in the lurch. There is, in the two characters, some grotesque good for the spectator—a kind of "Beggars' Opera" moral. . . . And with these two types of clever and stupid knavery, M. Philipon and his companion Daumier have created a world of pleasant satire upon all the prevailing abuses of the day.

The Macaire and Bertrand series were less directly political in their scope than that of Traviès's hunchback; at least, their political allusions were more carefully veiled. Yet the first of the series had portrayed in Macaire's picturesque green coat and patched red trousers no less a personage than the old "Poire" himself, and the public remembered it.



A NEW MAP OF THE UNITED STATES WITH THE ADDITIONAL TERRITORIES ON AN IMPROVED PLAN. 1828.

From the Collection of the New York Public Library.

When politics were banished from journalism they persisted in finding in each new escapade of Macaire and Bertrand an allusion to some fresh scandal, if not connected with the King himself, at least well up in the ranks of governmental hypocrites. And, although the specific scandals upon which they are based, the joint-stock schemes for floating worthless enterprises, the thousand-and-one plausible humbugs of the period, are now forgotten, to those who take the trouble

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to read between the lines, these masterpieces of Daumier's genius form a luminous exposition of the *morale* of the government and the court circles.

In contrast with the brilliancy of the French artists, the work in England during these years, at least prior to the establishment of *Punch,* is distinctly disappointing. The one man who might have raised caricature to an even higher level than that of Gillray and Rowlandson was George Cruikshank, but he withdrew early in life from political caricature, preferring like Hogarth to concentrate his talent upon the dramatic aspects of contemporary social life. Yet at the outset of his career, just as he was coming of age, Cruikshank produced one cartoon that has remained famous because it anticipated by thirty years the attitude of Mill and Cobden in 1846. It was in 1815, just after the battle of Waterloo had secured an era of peace for Europe, that he produced his protest against the laws restricting the importation of grain into England. He called it "The Blessings of Peace; or, the Curse of the Corn Bill." A cargo of foreign grain has just arrived and is being offered for sale by the supercargo: "Here is the best for fifty shillings." On the shore a group of British landholders wave the foreigner away: "We won't have it at any price. We are determined to keep up our own to eighty shillings, and if the poor can't buy it at that price, why, they must starve." In the background a storehouse with tight-shut doors bulges with home-grown grain. A starving family stand watching while the foreign grain is thrown overboard, and the father says:

THE SHIP OF STATE IN PERIL.—ITS SAILORS KNOW NOT TO WHAT SAINTS TO COMMEND THEMSELVES.

"No, no, masters, I'll not starve, but quit my native land, where the poor are crushed by those they labour to support, and retire to one more hospitable, and where the arts of the rich do not interpose to defeat the providence of God."

After Cruikshank, until the advent of the men who made *Punch* famous—Richard Doyle, John Leach, John Tenniel and their successors—there are no cartoonists in England whose work rises above mediocrity. When the death of Canning brought Wellington and Peel into power,

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THE GREAT AMERICAN STEEPLECHASE FOR 1844.

Among the various candidates for the Presidency shown in this cartoon are General Scott, Henry Clay, John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, James Buchanan and Martin Van Buren.

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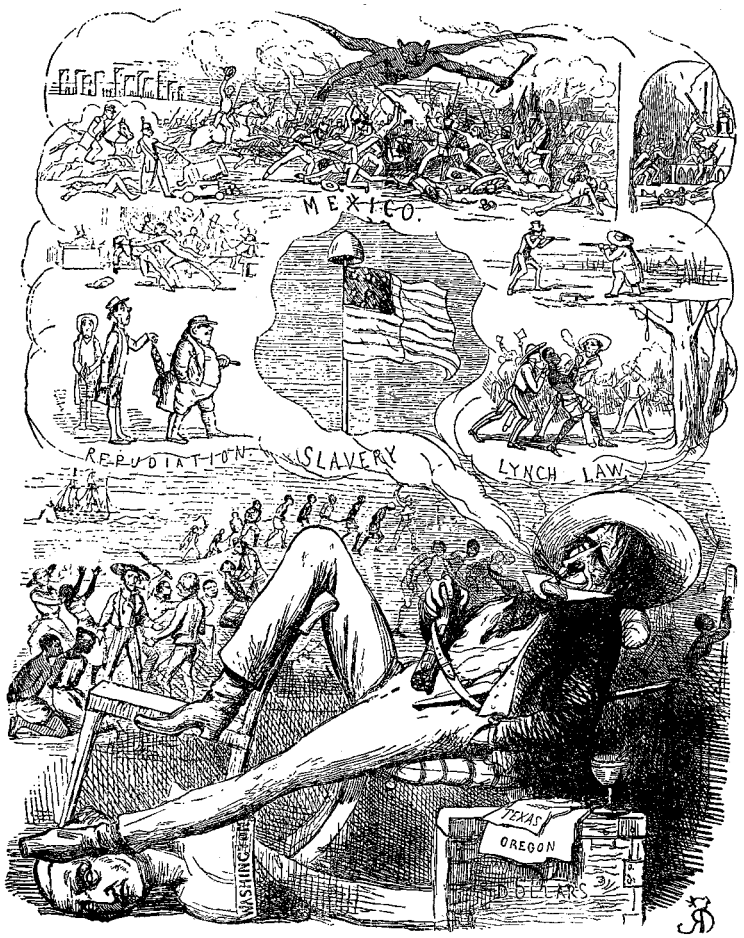
a series of coloured prints bearing the signature H. Heath, and persistently lampooning the new ministry, enjoyed a certain vogue. They scarcely rose above the level of the penny comic valentine, which they much resembled in crudeness of colour and poverty of invention. One set, entitled "Our Theatrical Celebrities," depicted the Premier as stage manager, the other members of the cabinet as leading man, première danseuse, prompter, etc. Another series depicts the same statesmen as so many thoroughbreds, to be auctioned off to the highest bidder, and describes the good points of each in the most approved language of the turf. Lot No. 1 is the Duke of Wellington, described as "the famous charger, Arthur;" Lot No. 2 is Peel, the "Good Old Cobb, Bobby," and the rest of the series continue the same vein of inane witticism. Somewhat more point is to be found in the portrayal of Wellington buried up to his neck in his own boot—one of the universal Wellington boots of the period. The cartoonist's thought, quite obviously, was that the illustrious hero of Waterloo had won his fame primarily in boots and spurs, and that as a statesman he became a very much shrunken and insignificant figure. In its underlying thought this cartoon suggests comparison with the familiar "Grandpa's Hat" cartoons of the recent Harrison administration. Very rarely Heath broke away from home politics and touched upon international questions of the day. A print showing the Premier engaged in the task of "making a rushlight," which he is just withdrawing cautiously from a large tub labelled "Greece," is an allusion to the part played by Great Britain in helping



THE LAND OF LIBERTY.

For full description see page 184

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to add the modest light of Greek independence to the general illumination of civilised Europe.

Another man whose work enjoyed a long period of shop-window popularity, and who nevertheless did not always rise above the comic-valentine level, was John Doyle, who owes his memory less to his own work than to the fact that he was the father of a real master of the art, Richard Doyle. Parton, in his history of *Caricature and other Comic Art,* notes the elder Doyle's remarkable prolificness, estimating his collected prints at upward of nine hundred; and he continues: "It was a custom with English print-sellers to keep portfolios of his innocent and amusing pictures to let out by the evening to families about to engage in the arduous work of entertaining their friends at dinner. He excelled greatly in his portraits, many of which, it is said by contemporaries, are the best ever taken of the noted men of that day, and may safely be accepted as historical. Brougham, Peel, O'Connell, Hume, Russell, Palmerston and others appear in his works as they were in their prime, with little distortion or exaggeration, the humour of the pictures being in the situation portrayed. Thus, after a debate in which allusion was made to an ancient egg anecdote, Doyle produced a caricature in which the leaders of parties were drawn as hens sitting upon eggs. The whole interest of the picture lies in the speaking likeness of the men."

DAUMIER. CARICATURED BY BENJAMIN.

Daumier fut le peintre ordinaire
Des pairs, des députés et des Robert-Macaire.
Son rude crayon fait l'histoire de nos jours.
—O l'étonnante boule! ô la bonne figure!
—Je le crois pardieu bien, car Daumier est toujours Excellent en caricature.

What the advent of *La Caricature* did for French comic art was done for England by the birth of *Punch,* the "London Charivari," on July 17th, 1841. It is not surprising that this veteran organ of wit and satire, essentially British though it is in the quality and range of its humour, should have inspired a number of different writers successively to record its annals. Mr. M. H. Spielmann, whose admirable volume is likely to remain the authoritative history, points out that the very term "cartoon" in its modern sense is in reality a creation of *Punch's.* In the reign of Charles I., he says, the approved phrase was, "a mad designe;" in the time of George II. it was known as a "hieroglyphic;" throughout the golden age of Gillray and Cruikshank "caricature" was the epithet applied to the separate copper-plate broadsides displayed in the famous shops of Askermann, Mrs. Humphrey and McClean. But it was not until July, 1843, when the first great exhibition of cartoons for the Houses of Parliament was held—gigantic designs handling the loftiest subjects in the most elevated artistic spirit—that *Punch* inaugurated his own sarcastic series of "cartoons," and by doing so permanently enriched the language with a new word, or rather with new meaning for an old word. *Punch,* however, did far more than merely to change the terminology of caricature; he revolutionised its spirit; he made it possible for Gladstone to say of it that "in his early days, when an artist was engaged to produce political satires, he nearly always descended to gross personal caricature, and sometimes to indecency. To-day the humorous press showed a total absence of vulgarity and a fairer treatment, which made this department of warfare always pleasing."

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As in the case of other famous characters of history, the origin and parentage of *Punch* have been much disputed, and a variety of legends have grown up about the source of its very name, the credit for its genesis being variously assigned to its original editors, Henry Mayhew, Mark Lemon, the printer Joseph Last, the writer Douglas Jerrold, and a number of obscurer literary lights. One story cited by Mr. Spielmann, although clearly apocryphal, is nevertheless worthy of repetition. According to this story, somebody at one of the preliminary meetings spoke of the forthcoming paper as being like a good mixture of punch, good for nothing without Lemon, when Mayhew caught up the idea and cried, "A capital idea! We'll call it *Punch!*"

In marked contrast to its French prototype, the "London Charivari" was from the beginning a moderate organ, and a staunch supporter of the Crown. In its original prospectus its political creed was outlined as follows: "*Punch* has no party prejudices; he is conservative in his opposition to Fantoccini and political puppets, but a progressive whig in his love of *small change* and a repeal of the union with public Judies." And to this day this policy of "hitting all around," of avoiding any bitter and prolonged partisanship, is the keynote of *Punch's* popularity and prestige. How this attitude has been consistently maintained in its practical working is well brought out by Mr. Spielmann in his chapter dedicated to the periodic *Punch* dinners, where the editorial councils have always taken place:

When the meal is done and cigars and pipes

LOUIS PHILIPPE AS "THE NAPOLEON OF PEACE."

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LAUGHING JOHN—CRYING JOHN.
July, 1830 February, 1848.

are duly lighted, subjects are deliberately proposed in half-a-dozen quarters, until quite a number may be before the Staff. They are fought all round the Table, and unless obviously and strikingly good, are probably rejected or attacked with good-humoured ridicule or withering scorn. . . . And when the subject of a cartoon is a political one, the debate grows hot and the fun more furious, and it usually ends by Tories and Radicals accepting a compromise, for the parties are pretty evenly balanced at the Table; while Mr. Burnand assails both sides with perfect indifference. At last, when the intellectual tug-of-war, lasting usually from half-past eight for just an hour and three-quarters by the clock, is brought to a conclusion, the cartoon in all its details is discussed and determined; and then comes the fight over the title and the "cackle," amid all the good-natured chaff and banter of a pack of boisterous, high-spirited schoolboys.

Down to the close of the period covered in the present article, the cartoon played a relatively small part in the weekly contents of *Punch,* averaging barely one a week, and being missing altogether from many numbers. During these years the dominating spirit was unquestionably John Leech, who produced no less than two hundred and twenty-three cartoons out of a total of three hundred and fourteen, or more than twice as many as all the other contributors put together. He first appeared with a pageful of "Foreign Affairs" in the fourth issue of *Punch*—a picture of some huddled groups of foreign refugees—a design remembered chiefly because it for the first time introduced to the world the artist's sign-manual, a leech wriggling in a water bottle.

Of Leech's political plates during these early years, none is more interesting to the American reader than the few rare occasions upon which he seeks to express the British impression of the United States. One of these, "The Land of Liberty," appeared in 1847. A lean and lanky, but beardless, Uncle Sam tilts lazily back in his rocking-chair, a six-shooter in his hand, a huge cigar between his teeth. One foot rests carelessly upon a bust of Washington, which he has kicked over. The other is flung over the back of another chair in sprawling insolence. In the ascending clouds of smoke appear the Stars and Stripes, surrounded by a panorama of outrages, duels, barroom broils, lynch law, etc., and above them all, the contending armies of the Mexican war, over whom a gigantic devil hovers, his hands extended in a malignant benediction. A closely analogous

HENRI MONNIER IN THE RÔLE OF JOSEPH PRUDHOMME.

"Never shall my daughter become the wife of a scribbler."

By Daumier

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"WHAT! YOU YOUNG YANKEE-NOODLE, STRIKE YOUR OWN FATHER!"

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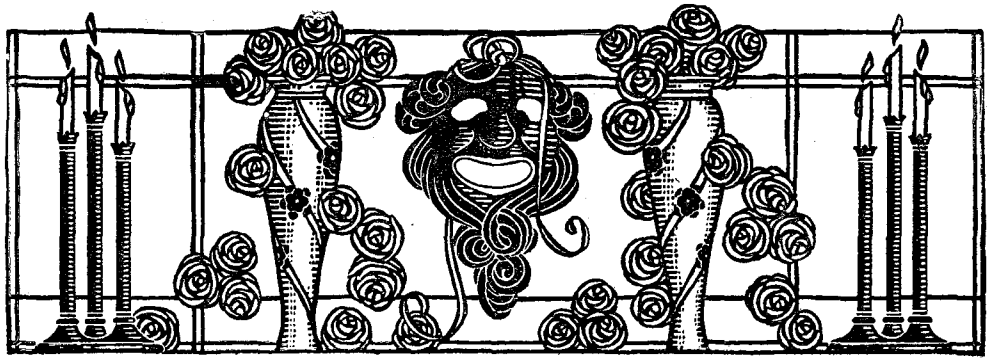
THE GREAT SEA SERPENT OF 1848.

From the Collection of the New York Public Library.

cartoon of this same year by Richard Doyle sharply satirised Louis Philippe as the "Napoleon of Peace," and depicted in detail the unsatisfactory condition of European affairs as seen from the British vantage ground. As a consequence of this cartoon *Punch* was for some time excluded from Paris.

From 1848 onward the cartoons in *Punch* look upon the world politics from a constantly widening angle. Indeed, the same remark holds good for the comic organs not only of England, but of France, Germany, Italy and the other leading nations as well. Throughout the second half of the nineteenth century the international relations of the leading powers may be followed almost without a break in the cartoons of *Punch* and *Judy*, of the *Fliegende Blätter* and the *Kladderadatsch*, of *Don Pirlone*, of the *Journal pour Rire*, of *Life* and *Puck* and *Judge*, and the countless host of their followers and imitators.

(*To be continued.*)



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FIVE BOOKS OF THE MOMENT

I.

"The Woman Who Toils."*

The first thought nowadays, not perhaps of the literary worker, but at least of the publisher, is how to secure the so-called sensational sale for any new book. The means adopted to this end are many and varied. The volume under consideration has been widely advertised, and will undoubtedly be widely sold because of the letter written to one of the authors by President Roosevelt and inserted as a preface in the book. The popularity this cleverly chosen means of advertising will give the book will be dangerous and unjust. Dangerous because the majority of hasty readers will take their cue from the Presidential preface, and will, therefore, quite misunderstand the purpose of the book. The extremely slight connection between the purpose of this volume and Mr. Roosevelt's letter suggests the idea that our valiant and versatile Chief Executive wrote the letter, not so much as a criticism of the book, as a means of airing his own views on a certain subject evidently near his heart, and has to this end seized upon a casual remark, on a side issue, of one of the authors. This question, however, need not be further discussed. It was the act of a kindly gentleman to assist two ladies with the weight of his influence and position, and we can let it pass at that, even if it gain for the volume an uncomprehending popularity, unjust to a book which is thoroughly worthy of more serious consideration.

Mrs. John Van Vorst and Miss Marie Van Vorst, joint authors of *The Woman Who Toils,* are writers who have already made a name for themselves in literary work. That they are not trained in the science and thought of political economy the book shows, as they have set out to discover for themselves facts which are the property of every student of radical economics, and the conclusions they reach are quite unhampered by all that has been written before on the subject. But just for this very reason, perhaps, the book has the value of a potential high usefulness. What these ladies have discovered in the course of an exploration involving, for women of the favoured class, fully as great an endurance of actual physical hardship as would be entailed by a trip to the North Pole or to the heart of Africa, they have discovered starting out with the point of view, with the lack of knowledge, shared by the majority of their class. Taking thus the angle of vision of their class as a starting point, and never losing sight of it through all the increasing widening of their own mental horizon, they have written a book which cannot fail to touch the hearts and awaken the minds of those who have, perhaps, never had the case put in a manner so comprehensible for them.

The authors of this book have gone out to discover for themselves how the American working woman lives, under what conditions she toils, and what are her opportunities for education and enjoyment. They have gained this knowledge in the only possible manner of doing it; they have gone into the factories, and lived in the home of the working girls as one of themselves, sharing hardships and pleasures, unsuspected at any time by those around them. What they have seen and heard and experienced, the conclusions they have drawn, and the means by which they think hard conditions can be ameliorated they have given us in their book, each writer treating her part of the work separately. From the point of view of literary criticism there is a difference in the work of the two. The personal equation is stronger in the portion written by Miss Marie Van Vorst than in the more objective narrative of her sister-in-law. She gives us more of her personal sensations and suffering, more of her sense of differentiation from those about her, and she philosophises on this in the apostrophic French style in a way that sometimes hinders the even tenor of the story. But it cannot be denied that this inclination to "fine writing" adds to the effect of some of the stronger portions of her work, notably in the superb closing chapter on "Child Labour in the Southern Cotton Mills." The story as told by Mrs.

*The Woman Who Toils. By Mrs. John Van Vorst and Marie Van Vorst. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

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Van Vorst is simpler, more direct. She gives us more of what she sees and less of herself, more of the simple narrator and less of the literary worker. But both writers are animated by the same spirit of sincere and sympathetic study, of study entered into from the desire to comprehend that they might assist. Both show an admirable logic in their comprehension of the fact that, though naturally the actual physical hardships endured pressed more acutely on their unused frames, this does not necessarily lead to the conclusion, seized so eagerly by the more favoured majority, that those whom custom has dulled to the suffering are beings different from ourselves. Mrs. Van Vorst writes:

> It was probable that my comrades felt at no time the discomfort I did, but the harm done them is not the physical suffering their condition causes, but the moral and spiritual bondage in which it holds them. They are not a class of drones made differently from us. I saw nothing to indicate that they were not born with like *capacities* to ours. As our bodies accustom themselves to luxury and cleanliness, theirs grow hardened to deprivation and filth. As our souls develop with the advantages of all that constitutes an ideal, their souls diminish under the oppression of a constant physical effort to meet material demands. But the fact that they become physically callous to what we consider unbearable is used as an argument for their emotional insensibility. I hold such an argument as false. From all I saw, I am convinced that, *given their relative preparation* for suffering and for pleasure, their griefs and their joys are the same as ours in kind and in degree.

Goethe's word that man grows with his greater aims has proved its truth in the case of these two writers. The purely literary quality of their work in this book, with its greater scope and higher aims, is far better than in anything either of them has written before.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

II.

Mr. Linn's "The Chameleon."*

Mr. James Weber Linn has written a very interesting novel in spite of the fact that there is a certain incongruity in some of the details and a decided improbability in the climax of the story. Here we find somewhere west of Omaha, a college town which is supposed to have hoary traditions and the mellowness of age about it, with a cloistered calm and a classical atmosphere such as would befit Oriel or Magdalen on the Isis. At the very least, we behold here Amherst or Williams transplanted to a part of the country where cottonwood trees abound and where white men were infrequent fifty years ago. That is the first and most marked incongruity. Carfax College has at its head the finest Greek scholar in the country. At any rate, Mr. Linn says so, and we cannot dispute it. Possibly this fine old scholar acquired his eminence in Greek by utterly neglecting his Latin; for whenever he or any of his pupils open their mouths in the book to utter a bit of the language of ancient Rome, they work havoc with both syntax and morphology. This, however, is a mere detail; so let us pass on.

In the second place, we object to the psychology of the heroine. The hero of the book, one Bradford, is a very delightful sort of fellow. He is energetic, well educated, modest, faithful to his friends, and a good sort generally. His two defects are these. In the first place, he is at times given to excessive introspection, and this he cannot help, because he has inherited the tendency from a morbid father. The result of this trait is a desire to appear well in the eyes of others, which, after all, when you come to think of it, is more or less commendable and by no means a mark of singularity. Perhaps, however, it leads to his second blemish, which lies in a tendency to elaborate a little at the expense of strict truth when relating a story—which may be called a literary quality and which, if he had been an author, would have been a purely professional instinct and would have won praise from the reviewers. As he was not an author, however, but a lawyer, his excessive imagination wrecks his domestic happiness and drives him to the verge of suicide. This is how it came about.

Bradford met a very charming young girl, named Amy Powers; and, being somewhat at a loss for conversation, told her an exciting story about an adventure

*The Chameleon. By James Weber Linn. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

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of his in which somebody shot at him, the bullet whizzing by his ear and cutting the shoulder of his coat. Now this was a good enough story in itself, and up to that point it was strictly true. Bradford, however, having, as we mentioned, a certain amount of imagination, touched up the narrative and told Miss Powers that the bullet had actually grazed his skin and left a scar. Later on in the book he falls in love with the girl, and after much doubt and mental tribulation wins her. It appears that she had loved him all the time, even while he thought her cold and unresponsive and indifferent; and the burst of passion in which she suddenly reveals to him how overwhelmingly she loves him is one of the most striking episodes of the book—full of beauty and tenderness and truth. At the very height of their happiness, however, when the whole world seems to them more than Paradise, Amy remembers the story which Bradford had told her long before, and timidly asks if she may see the scar. Then he has to admit that there is no scar, and that so much of his story was an improvisation. After that she never loves him as she did before; and when subsequently he manages to let out a certain secret which he had promised not to reveal, and which he really did not mean to tell, his wife turns from him altogether, for her love is absolutely dead. The secret had nothing to do with her nor with them; he did not actually tell it, but merely said something which led to its discovery. Nevertheless, this passionately devoted woman, who has never found in him anything but love and infinite devotion to her, thinks of him as being base and cowardly, and almost an object of loathing. Somehow or other, we cannot follow the author here, and we think that he is about as far astray as he could well possibly be. He makes the matter a little worse when at the last Bradford is in the act of committing suicide because of his unhappiness and is discovered by Amy in the act of drinking poison. She is fresh from a talk with her clergyman, who has told her that he himself is just as bad as Bradford, and when she sees Bradford bent on self-destruction all her love comes back to her and everything is as it was in the beginning. Merely to state this is sufficient to show its psychological impossibility.

The very best thing in the book is a picklemaker. He is a picklemaker on a colossal scale—a magnificent, robustious, world-compelling, epic picklemaker. He splotches the scenery of Europe and America with pickle posters. He has illimitable self-confidence, combativeness, generosity and patriotism. He is a true American in the raw, and embodies concretely the great West. His talk is a joy, and the things he does make you admire him in spite of yourself. The author evidently does not know what a fine chap his picklemaker is, for he sneers at him and holds him up to mild contempt. But even if you care nothing about Bradford or Amy, or the psychology of the long-bow, or about the impossible college community in the far West, or about the High Church rector who scourged himself and bullied his congregation—at any rate, read the book for the sake of the picklemaker; for we have met no one of his kind so interesting since we made the acquaintance of Col. Silas Lapham in the office of his mineral-paint works.

H. T. P.

III.

Egerton Castle's "The Star Dreamer."*

Agnes and Egerton Castle's latest book may be classed in that honourable company of British prose romances which has not failed the public since the pleasant histories of *Robert the Devil, Friar Bacon* and *Robin Hood,* a school which has ever held the story sacred for the story's sake; the story wherein no problems weary and perplex, nor masks of hidden meaning grin between the leaves.

In *The Star Dreamer* familiar perspectives have been skilfully retouched—almost repainted—the marionettes wear new costumes, and the story, God bless it! is as good as ever. It is "a tale of well-nigh a century ago; when George III. lay dying," and the scene of it is the ancestral castle of Bindon-Cheveral, where of old time one Sir Richard "kept his childless wife a lifelong prisoner in the topmost chamber of that keep now so placidly dreaming under its creepers." No end of

*The Star Dreamer. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. New York: The F. A. Stokes Company.

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stories might be told about this ancient stronghold, tales of love and hatred and ambition, and it is hoary with traditions of the Wars of the Roses and of Longshanks and of Richard Crookback and the rest. We recognise the atmosphere at once, and the practised reader will not be surprised to come upon Old Bindon in these latter days tenanted by two recluses: one an aged alchemist and distiller of herbs, inhabiting a former dungeon underground; the other, his dreaming nephew, absorbed in contemplation of the heavens from the tower.

Night has fallen and the laboratory fires burn low, the aromatic smells of strange decoctions fill the air, the black cat purrs. Master Simon the Simpler, soliloquising somewhat in the key of Romeo's monkish friend, endeavours with uncertain touch to weigh some delicate ingredient and fails. For, as he informs the cat, "But sixty to-day, and this senile trembling! Not a shake of that hand, Simon, but is paying for the toss of the cup; not a mist in that brain but is the smoke of wanton bygone fires. Well, vast the pity of it! . . . to be foiled at every turn by the trembling of a finger!" The investigator is about to abandon his experiment, when, fortunately, "two hands with unerring swoop, like that of an alighting dove, came out of the dimness on each side of the bent figure and with cool, determined touch withdrew the old man's hot and shaking fingers from their futile task." A young bosom, we are told, brushed by his bloodless cheek. A light breath fanned his temples. In short, his daughter Ellinor had come back to Bindon unannounced after a ten years' absence, her most unworthy husband dead, her fortune spent and her wedding ring disposed of in the moat. The Simpler is a man of too much tact to ask distressing questions, and his daughter, throwing off her past as lightly as her ring, trips gaily to the larder, whence she presently returns with a dainty supper, such as Old Bindon has not seen for many a cheerless night. She has even secured a crusted bottle from the butler's favourite bin. Meanwhile her cousin David, of the tower, having witnessed the birth of a new star, descends to tell of the discovery to his kinsman underground.

"This is Ellinor, our little Ellinor," the elder man explains. "Shake hands with Ellinor." A little later "the magic of Burgundy still working wonders," he continues: "You were like big brother and little sister in the old days. Kiss her, David."

The dark and pale face of Sir David, severe yet gentle, bent over Ellinor. Half laughing, half startled, she turned her cheek toward him. But the kiss of the recluse was—she never knew whether by design or accident—laid slowly upon her half-opened, smiling lips.

Had any one told Ellinor Marvel, who during four years had cried at love and during six years more had railed at it, that her heart would ever be stirred in the old sweet, mad way because of the touch of a man's lips, she would in superb security have scorned the suggestion. Yet now, as she turned away, it was to hide a crimsoning face and a quickening breath.

Perhaps, among the many things which happened while George III. lay dying, this will suffice to tempt the lover of romantic fiction further. And such a one may rest assured the interest will not fail till he has grown familiar with the mystic Herb Garden, the gloomy halls and battlements of Bindon-Cheveral and its environment of pleasant summer country.

The people of the story are by no means lacking in humanity, vitality or even humour, and could they be permitted to forget requirements of plot, one feels they might be interesting on their own account. Lady Lochore, Sir David's sister, estranged by reason of her marriage to a neighbour who had shot her brother after the base betrayal of the astronomer's former sweetheart, is a character quite worthy of Miss Braddon, and one, we are convinced, capable of more subtle diplomacy than that which gains its ends through poison cups. And we should be glad to meet the excellent Horatio Tutterville and his bustling wife during some period when affairs at Bindon-Cheveral were a shade more normal. But with the Castles the plot is ever to the fore, and it may be said that they make word and action tell for its development with admirable dramatic art. In fact, *The Star Dreamer* is a play at root, but none the less for that a good romantic novel, neither skirting life too close nor leaving probability too far a-lee. The authors are to be thanked for telling it, for the most part, in crisp and unaffected English, free

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alike from romancer's *clichés* and the self-conscious effort to avoid them.

Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.

IV.

Mr. Williams's "The Captain."*

Much historical fiction seems to have been written to demonstrate the truth of a certain Aristotelian dictum concerning the relative truthfulness of history and fiction. To the novelist who rightly demands, first of all things, the free play of his fancy on the essential facts of life, the restrictions imposed on his creative imagination by actual occurrences must appeal as somewhat arbitrary, and the nearer he and his readers are to his historical locale, the more trying becomes the burden of fact which he must carry. The problem is comparatively simple when it concerns only the free drawing of some remote and hazy character, such as Scott's Saladin, who is historically merely a name and a few vaguely generalised qualities, both to reader and writer. But the novelist who would deal with historical personages of the present age must go gently. He cannot make his character to suit his needs, for he is trafficking in a personality already fixed more or less distinctly in his reader's mind; and the mass of records to which he must conform covers practically all the action, much of the spoken word and no little of the psychological synthesis which his subject permits. In short, the range of his possible material is clearly marked, and his function is, in a stricter sense than common, selective.

Mr. Williams has not shirked his task by dragging in his great historical personage as a merely incidental contributor to his scheme of historical verisimilitude. There is never any doubt that the unnamed Captain—who is General Grant—is the protagonist of the story. His influence is perceptible in every character with whom he comes in contact, while it determines broadly the entire course of the dramatic action. He comes on the stage a poor farmer down on the Gravois in Missouri, and takes command of your attention by right of sheer ability to rule. Not by accident was it that, wherever he went, he retained his old army title and was known to every acquaintance, as he is throughout the book, as The Captain. Yet Mr. Williams spares nothing of his absolute incapacity, to all appearance, for achieving success during those early years before the war, when he turned his hand successively to farming, real estate and the little tannery in Northern Illinois. Failure after failure could not destroy the conviction in the minds of those who knew him best that his indomitable perseverance was to win in the end; and Mr. Williams has placed his readers in the position of those who really knew the man as he was.

The Captain of those early days is more an influence than a stirring participant in the action of the story. With the beginning of the war he comes into his own. Here is plenty of material ready at hand for the novelist, plenty of action so condensed and unified that the process of selection and rejection is simplified, and the actual historical record falls largely within the proper scope of fiction. As the figure of the silent leader assumes new importance, subsidiary interests fall into their rightful places in the narrative. Mr. Williams has shown constructive skill of no common order in effecting this delicate adjustment of the balance between his two sets of materials. It is the prime excellence of his work. In the book the great General is as convincing, as lifelike a creation as the most purely fictitious product of the author's imagination; and this is no common merit of the historical novel. The planes of historical and of fictional truth coincide, and the characters mingle without betraying the discrepancies of their birth. An instance of this is afforded by comparison of General Grant's famous chief of staff, the hot-headed, impulsive, brave, profane Captain Rawlins, with some of the entirely fictitious personages with whom he is constantly associated. Any one ignorant of the historical basis of the book would find it difficult to pick the man who actually lived from the creations of the author. And the virile, lifelike quality in this portrait is attained without the sacrifice of historic accuracy to any imagined convention of fiction. The picture tallies exactly with recorded facts of Captain Rawlins's life and personality.

*The Captain. By Churchill Williams. Boston: The D. Lothrop Publishing Company.

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Of the accuracy of the draughtsmanship bestowed on the central figure there can scarcely be two opinions. General Grant's individuality is so deeply stamped on the consciousness even of the newest generation that a certain amount of the description must necessarily appear trite. It would be foolishly hazardous to present the hero of Vicksburg without the inevitable cigar, which is his recognised stage "property." The view is as unhackneyed as possible, and no one will quarrel with the enthusiastic hero-worship which colours and animates every page, so long as the total effect is so wholly real.

Aside from his pardonable bias in favour of his hero, the author is sane and fair in his treatment of the issues and the opposing forces of the war. Not all the virtue is with the Northern arms, nor is the villainy confined to the South. Indeed, one of the most engaging characters is a gay, handsome, chivalrous young Southern officer. Mr. Williams has been generous in the matter of love-making, pairing off a brace of stalwart young Union officers with two beautiful maidens of very positive Southern proclivities. The complications necessary to a well-regulated romance are straightened out only in the final chapter, which brings all the lovers together in Vicksburg after the capture. The love story need trouble no one. It is as good as many others, and no better. It may be disregarded in estimating the real value of *The Captain.* Of more importance is the fact that Mr. Williams has put an actual man—an authentic historical character—into fiction and made him a living entity. To have made history no less true than fiction is an achievement worthy of note by all dealers in second-hand historical ware.

Edward Clark Marsh.

V.

Miss Thurston's "The Circle."*

The first impression one gets from this book is that of the intense vitality of Anna Solny, the central character. It stimulate's one's attention from the initial page of the opening chapter, where she is seen, a girl of sixteen, in the musty parlour behind the old curio shop in one of the byways of London. One feels how she is tingling with life, how she craves action and sunlight and the big, unknown world; how she chafes at the slow passing of the days in the dusky shop, where nothing ever happens, where there is only her old father taking snuff over his beloved books and looking up occasionally with a dreamy "So?" to her bubbling talk. This impression endures through much of the book, through the events which take Anna from the old shop out into the thick of life, and back again at last to the old shop. The book has that most important quality, it holds the interest of the reader. Few people, we imagine, who begin it will want to lay it down till the end is reached. And yet, when one has finished it and stops to think about it, one becomes aware that *The Circle* is a conventional story—conventional in its spirit, in its ideals, most of all in its form. Things happen in it as they do in a well-ordered play, precisely at the dramatic moment, and that while it is convenient in a story, is not life. When Anna, stifling with the dulness around her, throws open the shop door and steps out into the night feeling that she must have adventure—presto! there waits the adventure in the street, ready for her taking. A hunted fugitive dashes into sight, pursued by a howling mob, and Anna is enabled to hide him and save him, quite in the orthodox fashion. She longs for the theatre, for the stage, and it turns out that this fugitive, a hunchback named Johann, was bringing jewels from his master in Vienna to a London lady, Mrs. Maxtead, jewels which were stolen from him, all save one, by the man who incited the mob to believe Johann a thief; and when Anna, to calm the hunchback's distress, herself carries the remaining jewel to Mrs. Maxtead, that lady proves to be a sort of promoter of geniuses, and she recognises Anna's gift for acting, and offers her the opportunity to study for the stage—seizes upon her, indeed, demands that she drop out of the old life, the old surroundings and give herself wholly to art. And finally, when Anna, after a brilliant career out in the great world, is assailed by remorse for her desertion of her father and Johann, and buries herself in the curio shop again, leaving career

*The Circle. By Katherine Cecil Thurston. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. $1.50.

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and lover and everything behind her, her lover traces her, her insane old father dies at just the right time and it all ends happily and as it should.

It is a proof of Mrs. Thurston's power that she has managed to invest this unnaturally well-oiled plot with undeniable freshness, with the magic something which makes a book successful in spite of faults. It is the greater proof in that the real strength of the book is concentrated in a single figure, that of Anna. The other characters fill their places in the story, but they fail to impress one. The old father is a shadow in the background. Anna's lover, Maurice Strode, is a fine fellow, but not especially noticeable. About Mrs. Maxtead one is not sure; her motives are not always clear, and she is more than a little artificial. Johann the hunchback, with his dog-like devotion to Anna and his faithful care of the old father after she is gone, and his clinging hope that she will come back some time, is a pathetic figure, but somehow one cannot quite believe in him; one would hardly expect to meet him in real life.

We have said that the book is conventional in its ideals; we should rather have said old-fashioned. In the modern novel, where the heroine has "a career," all the trouble and heart-break she has comes from the struggle in her mind between love and ambition. Anna hardly strikes one as ambitious, though she is filled with a great energy. And though she becomes famed as "the greatest actress in Europe," that side of her life which deals with art fails to convince. It is as a woman capable of love and devotion, above all needing love, that she is realised. Spite of her restlessness in the old shop, she would never have left it had not Mrs. Maxtead worked on her pity and her fears for Johann by threatening to accuse him, if she refused, of the theft of the jewels. When she promises to marry Maurice Strode, she does so without a thought apparently of how marriage will affect her as an artist. And when her betrothed, who by an odd chance had known Johann and the old father—unconnected with her, of course—tells her their story, never dreaming that it is hers, and his unconscious condemnation of her wakes her remorse and sends her back to them, it is not giving up her art that she minds, it is the fear of losing Maurice. Still, this makes her the more lovable, and whatever crudities there are in the portraiture of Anna Solny the actress may be forgiven in the very vital portraiture of Anna Solny the woman.

Eleanor Booth Simmons.

SOME OLD LOVE LETTERS

Mrs. Humphry Ward has sometimes been criticised for the somewhat unwieldy machinery she employs in her admirable novels. Her last essay in the line of fiction, *Lady Rose's Daughter,* has caused considerable interest as being entirely different in theme, if not in treatment, from her former books. The story itself, aside from mental grasp and poise and perfect sanity with which it is treated, compels interest. The following remarkable coincidence, however, must have occurred to any one who has studied the history of the French salons of the eighteenth century, and may prove interesting to others who regard Mrs. Ward as George Eliot's logical successor. This does not in any way lessen our gratitude to one who, if not great, at least furnishes a worthy pabulum for thinking men and women. Was not Shakespeare notorious for stealing his plots wherever he could lay hands on them? Does not even Rudyard Kipling make his declaration of independence on this subject? Nevertheless, it is a little startling to note the striking resemblance there is, even in their minutest details, between the fictitious story of *Lady Rose's Daughter* and the true story of the Comtesse d'Albon's daughter. Mademoiselle de Lespinasse. The following account of this famous episode might fairly pass as a synopsis of the modern tale. Madame du Deffand (the Lady Henry of Mrs. Ward's story) had in many respects the most brilliant salon

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of the first half of the eighteenth century in Paris. The most famous men of her time thronged her rooms for years. She was an intimate friend of Montesquieu and of Voltaire. As she became older she lost her beauty and her eyesight failed her. She became unamiable and her remarks, clever as they undoubtedly were, seemed often biting to the verge of rudeness. One afternoon a friend had been haranguing the assembled company too long a time in the opinion of the blind hostess. "What tiresome book are you reading?" she exclaims.

And now enters upon the scene the heroine of the tale, Julie de Lespinasse (Julie Le Breton). She had the misfortune to be born with the bar-sinister. Her mother, however, had her carefully educated, treating her tenderly and lovingly. Nevertheless, she could not shield her from the usual penalties of her anomalous position. Madame du Deffand seems to have felt the peculiar charm of this young girl as soon as she had met her, and she was promptly installed in her establishment as companion and amanuensis. But the inevitable result of the bringing together of such natures—on the one side selfishness and unreasonable jealousy, on the other a very decided talent for society—might have been foreseen from the start. Soon the exact dramatic incident made use of in the modern story ensues. Julie had gradually, by her talent for conversation and unfailing tact and charm, gained the enthusiastic regard of the oldest of Madame's friends. On one occasion, unknown to her mistress, who was in her own room, she had received these friends, and upon this lively company Madame suddenly appears. In jealous rage she dismisses her too successful rival. All Paris hears of the incident and takes parts in the quarrel. To the lasting chagrin of Madame du Deffand, her oldest friends rally to the support of this base-born protégé of hers. A delightful apartment is found for her in the Rue de Belle Chase by the Maréchale de Luxembourg. Others arrange ways and means by which she can live in this delightful spot. Her dearest friend is the Duchesse de Châtillon. The lifelong friend of Madame du Deffand, President Hénault (Dr. Meredith), is eager to marry her. D'Alembert (the Jacob Delafield), a name famous in any account of the eighteenth century, is her steadfast friend and lover. She thoroughly appreciates his quality, but he seems never to have touched her heart as did the scapegrace to whom her famous love letters were written. The loyal D'Alembert was faithfully devoted to her for years, and when she died mourned her loss deeply.

But the heart of the story, and the tie which links the character of Julie de Lespinasse indissolubly with that of Julie Le Breton is the remarkable romance revealed by the love letters of the former.

In an age when love in literature was represented by the pretty and the petty, the fiery passion indicated in these letters startles us and gives us a vivid impression of reality. The secret of the charm of this remarkably magnetic woman was her wonderful sensibility, which, however, paved the way to the pitiful tragedy of her life. The wild storm of passion not only shook her emotional nature to its foundation, but finally overwhelmed her. She conceived a most unhappy passion for a man who was in no respect worthy of her, Monsieur Guibert (Captain Warkworth), who posed as a military reformer. We can, perhaps, understand why she was attracted by him, for it is conceded that she was brilliant and versatile, but his heart was a poor, meagre affair. He at once perceived that this woman, who was so respected and sought after by the great, might prove a very useful friend to him. Then, superficial and vain as he was, he was flattered and perhaps a little touched by her preference. How a sensitive woman, an intimate friend and counsellor of the Encyclopædists, who were the wisest and wittiest men of their times, could have poured out her very soul to such a man it is impossible to conceive. Not for a moment did he entertain the possibility of a marriage with her. His ambition required a wealthy and powerful alliance. He had the effrontery to calmly state his position to her. She finally accepted the place assigned her by him, even going so far as to direct his choice, pointing out stoically the great advantages of the bride she had chosen for him. But the sacrifice and emotional strain proved too much for her and she died. We rather suspect that the *dénouement* of the modern story will be different, and that the D'Alembert in

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this case will be permitted to win out in the end. The episode of Lord Lackington, delicately handled and absorbing as it is, was plainly suggested by the situation. The heroic measures taken by Jacob Delafield to save Julie from herself and the consequences of her mastering passion are entirely modern in tone, and it may be doubted if they could be very clearly understood by a D'Alembert.

Any one who has read the story of Madame du Deffand and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse and the pathetic love letters of the latter will remember a thousand and one touches which are reproduced almost exactly in the modern tale. It is, of course, impossible that the translator of Amiel's Journal and a woman of Mrs. Ward's wide reading should have failed to be intimately acquainted with such a story. Even such a noted personage as Horace Walpole, for years friend and correspondent of Madame du Deffand, plays almost the identical part assigned to Sir Wilfrid Berry in the story, sympathising with his old friend in her woful plight.

Eugene Wendell Harter.

THE DRAMA OF THE MONTH

Last month we transgressed the organic law of journalism that something must be said whether there is anything to say or not. The state of the American drama was such that it seemed desirable to drop the subject altogether, for otherwise we should have had to write with artificial thoughtfulness about Mr. Louis Mann in *The Consul,* or Mr. De Wolf Hopper in *Pickwick,* or clothes or stage effects, or other matters about which we did not think at all and trust nobody else did. That is where the natural man has a great advantage over critics. He may stop talking, if he likes, as soon as his thought ceases, whereas by the strange compulsion of the press they must keep straight on, not only when they prefer not to do so themselves, but when others prefer not to have them. It is a fancied obligation, arising from some sort of a social misunderstanding; and every one is the worse for it. For truthful comment on ordinary books and plays, give us the private monosyllable, the sigh of a personal friend, the look of the latest victim—anything, in fact, but the reluctant fluency of professionals. Not that this miserably didactic group of men are in any sense to blame for it. It should not be forgotten that most dramatic criticism is written by persons who would rather be in bed. It is a thought that disposes one to charity. It is an inhuman system that requires a man to talk like an Act of Congress about every little thing that comes along. What is the moral of *The Frisky Mrs. Johnson?* Sometimes, like Troilus, he should be permitted to say: "I cannot fight upon this argument. It is too starved a subject for my sword." Little do we outsiders know of that awful scramble for edifying words on the eve of publication, or those barbarous contracts whereby critics, like hydraulic pumps, are constrained to continuous expression. They account, no doubt, for many things that puzzle us, for the amazing difference between what we see and what we read about, between the living and the writing man. Why this grim little set of duties? Surely one may take his private ease at the playhouse without bothering about teaching people what they ought to like or elevating anything. The tastes have no ambassadors, and the only use of criticism is in showing what manner of man the critic is. An attempt at conversion in this field is an impertinence. It was in the hope that we should

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remain in some respects unlike that Nature made so many of us and put us up in separate packages. Yet for one man who expresses his own taste we have a hundred missionaries to other people's.

When we simple-minded heathen read the elaborate critical reviews of plays like *The Frisky Mrs. Johnson, Mice and Men, The Earl of Pawtucket* or *The Bishop's Move,* we begin to wonder if there is anything on the stage quite so artificial as this criticism. They are harmless little conventional plays, and every one who sees them knows he is pleasantly wasting his time. No one but a critic with a public duty to perform would dream of looking at them in that solemn way. They vanish upon analysis; they are built on patterns, and not on plots, and nobody either likes or dislikes them for the important reasons the critics give. On the other hand, there are a hundred small matters of vital importance to us which these guardians of public morals and tastes take no account of.

No man, unless he were thinking for publication, would give a moment's reflection to the moral effects of *The Frisky Mrs. Johnson.* He would probably shudder all the way through it, but it would not be a moral shudder. It would be a simple disgust with coarseness, and coarseness may be perfectly virtuous. This effect, of course, is not intended by the author. Mr. Fitch has in mind people of some social advantages, a fast but rather brilliant set in Paris. He has achieved the gentility of a second-rate hotel. The first act makes the most democratic observer feel like a snob, so piercing is its mere vulgarity. There may be people like that, but they are as uninteresting as advertisements. Mr. Fitch seems to have no nerves. Does he not know that strong men would quail before women of such aggressive charm? How would he feel himself if one of these delicate beings insisted on patting his head at a fashionable afternoon tea and leering at him? Yet that was only a minor feature of this astonishing first act—one mild result of his boisterous Anglo-Saxon determination to be French. Critics confound their repugnance for this kind of thing with moral indignation. It has no higher source than the dislike of celluloid cuffs and large paste diamonds. It is the characteristic of the so-called sinful American play that the devil himself has lost all his devilish graces. Why bother our heads about the morals of an enchantress, in the presence of the cold, hard fact that she does not enchant?

It is one of the ironies of this world that we dislike people most for the qualities they cannot help, and if you were required honestly to select the nine persons whom you would most willingly see hanged, we venture to say that nine entirely blameless lives would be sacrificed. Thence comes it that the admirable objective reasons the critics give for approving or disapproving things on the stage are so unsatisfying. We are the most violent when there is no reason at all, but only a personal distinction. Abstract justice is beyond us, and we may as well frankly admit that we are biased on the subject of every play we have ever seen.

The rules will not hold. The artificiality of Captain Marshall's *The Unforeseen* annoys us, while that of *The Darling of the Gods* subtracts nothing from its charm. It is not the unreality of Captain Marshall's play that makes her so uninteresting. By not winning the fancy, she leaves the judgment free to find fault with her construction. We do not believe that the country of *The Darling of the Gods* is Japan or any other country, but this question does not arise till afterward. As a play, *The Bishop's Move* may be lacking in "theatric appeal," and by any known rule the question whether a bishop can save a booby from a totally uninteresting duchess ought not to be particularly exciting, but the Bishop's lines and Mr. Thompson's acting offset all this. There is no formula for the Bishop's charm or for Mr. D'Orsay's as the impossibly blundering Englishman in *The Earl of Pawtucket,* nor any explanation of the lack of it in Miss Annie Russell's clever rendering of the ingenious young woman in *Mice and Men.* In all things below the range of genius it is foolish to talk in universal terms. Whim is a just enough god for the small matters of every day, and life has large areas of licensed anarchy where truth cannot reach as far as your next-door neighbour. Yet we approach these subjects with a gravity which has always been the angels' greatest joke—the sort of gravity that the Frenchman meant

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when he called it "a mystery of the body invented to conceal the failings of the soul." We are forever laying down the law where there is no law, and setting up a model when it is the greatest of Heaven's mercies to allow all models to be departed from. We Americans are imaginative in business (where our heart is), but businesslike in our imagination. The aim of American playwrights is to be instantly comprehensible to every member of a miscellaneous crowd, and criticism, which ought to be merely a matter of good-tempered self-revelation, seeks to establish a constitution and by-laws for the art of pleasing. That is why the unedited American is so much more delightful than his cautious brother with the pen, and why the best things that life has to offer are not yet either printed or staged. But taking it all in all, the critics do not come so near the stage as the stage comes to reality. We can recall several passages in American plays, but not one word of dramatic criticism.

F. M. Colby.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED.

NEW YORK.

Abbey Press:

A Story from the Philippines. By Katherine E. Driscoll.

A story told in a way to entertain the juvenile reader. The book is illustrated.

American Book Company:

Commercial German. By Arnold Kutner, High School of Commerce.

This book is adapted for use in commercial schools and in commercial courses of high schools, and is the first to introduce American students to a foreign language by means of its commercial vocabulary.

Selections from Latin Prose Authors for Sight Reading. By Susan Braley Franklin, Ph.D., and Ella Katherine Greene, A.B.

This little book contains material for students in the last year of a college preparatory course or in the Freshman year in college, and is designed to test and to increase by exercise their power to read Latin. Accordingly, passages have been chosen in which the difficulties of syntax, order and vocabulary are fairly typical.

Barnes's New Histories of the United States. Elementary History.

School History.

These standard and popular histories have been thoroughly modernised, both as to appearance and contents. They incorporate present-day views of history and methods of teaching. The larger book has been revised in every particular, and the smaller one entirely rewritten by Dr. James Baldwin.

Chateaubriand's Les Aventures du Dernier Abencerage. Edited by James D. Bruner, Ph.D.

This edition of the well-known work of one of the foremost French romanticists is prepared for rapid reading in the first year of the course. The notes explain all proper names, geographical, historical and legendary allusions, and give the equivalents of idiomatic expressions.

Botany All the Year Round. By E. F. Andrews.

This book is adapted for botanical work in the average high school, and requires no expensive equipment. It is based on observation, and in this respect meets the popular demand. The lessons are so arranged that each subject is taken up at just the time of year when the material for it is most abundant.

School Grammar. By W. M. Baskervill, late Professor of English in Vanderbilt University, and J. W. Sewell.

In the School Grammar the exercises are numerous and the illustrative sentences carefully chosen. The book is limited strictly to the essentials of grammar, and is therefore brief.

A Boy on a Farm. By Jacob Abbott. Edited by Clifton Johnson, with an introduction by Dr. Lyman Abbott.

Intended for third-grade supplementary reading, this latest addition to the well-known and widely used series of Eclectic School Readings presents two stories of Jacob Abbott in new and attractive form.

Century Company:

Lovey Mary. By Alice Hegan Rice.

To say that this little book is a sequel to *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* is quite sufficient to ensure for it a cordial

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reception. The humour in it is even more original than in *Mrs. Wiggs.*

Crowell and Company:

From a Thatched Cottage. By Eleanor G. Hayden.

A novel of English middle-class life, in which a tragedy occurs in the early part of the story. The influence of this tragedy is felt unto the third generation, and the innocents are made to suffer. However, the publishers call Miss Hayden a humourist, so the book is not morbid reading.

Down the Orinoco in a Canoe. By Señor Pérez Triana.

The author, who is the son of an ex-president of Colombia, describes a region seldom visited by civilised men, that of the Andine Plateau of Bogota and the Orinoco River. The book was written because of "the usual biennial revolution, so dear to the South American's heart, which placed the señor's enemies in power and made it necessary for him to leave the country with all speed."

A Midsommer Night's Dreame. Edited by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

The appearance of this little volume is the first of an entire set of Shakespeare's works to be known as the "First Folio Edition." This edition goes back to and reproduces the First Folio text of 1623, the one which gives Shakespeare in the original spelling and punctuation.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Life of James Madison. By Gaillard Hunt.

Mr. Hunt's volume on President Madison is the first of a series of books which will give the history of the United States through the lives of its great men. When put in chronological order the volumes will form a consecutive history of the country.

The Woman Who Toils. By Mrs. John Van Vorst and Marie Van Vorst.

A book which has received much advance advertising on account of the "prefatory letter" written by Theodore Roosevelt after having read Chapter III. when published serially. The book tells of the experiences of two ladies, both more or less well known as writers, who became factory girls for the time being, and who write of the working woman with a clear understanding. *The Woman Who Toils* will attract the attention of thoughtful readers. A review of the book appears elsewhere in this number.

Journeys End. By Justus Miles Forman.

A new novel by the author of *A Garden of Lies.* It is a "trick" so to speak, with an ending that will be a puzzle to every one who reads the book. Karl J. Anderson has made the illustrations.

Principles of Home Decoration. With Practical Examples. By Candace Wheeler.

Mrs. Wheeler writes of home decoration from the artistic point of view, and she gives much valuable information to persons who care to follow her suggestions in this matter.

Hand in Hand. Verses by a Mother and Daughter.

A small volume of poems which appears anonymously, and which is published in London and New York.

Before the Dawn. By Joseph A. Altsheler.

Mr. Altsheler's latest novel, which, like his others, deals with the Civil War. An advance notice of this book appeared in The Bookman for February.

Dutton and Company:

Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft. By George Gissing.

At the time of Henry Ryecroft's death about a year ago it fell to the lot of George Gissing to examine his papers. As a result of this, Mr. Gissing has collected four essays, to which he has added, in a preface, considerable information about Mr. Ryecroft.

Funk and Wagnalls:

The Socialist and the Prince. By Mrs. Fremont Older.

A new novel by a new writer. The scenes and actions of the story are in the days of the anti-Chinese labour agitation in California. It is an unusually promising first book. A portrait of Mrs. Older appears in the Chronicle and Comment of this number.

Grafton Press:

Fate and I, and Other Poems. By Gerda Dalliba.

A small book of poems, dedicated to Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Some By-Ways of California. By Charles Franklin Carter.

Some of the by-ways referred to are Pala, the Mojave Desert, the home of Ramona, Lompoc and Purisima, Jolon, San Juan Bautista and Pescadero.

The Oceanides. By Percy W. Shedd.

A volume of many poems, some of which are original and some of which are translations.

Much-Married Saints and Some Sinners. By Grace Talbot.

A number of short sketches from life among the Mormons and Gentiles in Utah. The first bears the unique title, "Story of a Five-Wived Saint."

Harper:

The Pride of Tellfair. By Elmore Elliott Peake.

The Pride of Tellfair is a story of

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Northern Illinois, in which love, law, politics and the gossip of a country town form the framework. Mr. Peake's character study of his hero's stenographer is the best thing in the book.

The New Boy at Dale. By Charles Edward Rich.

A book for boys and girls, in which the author tells about a boy who was stolen from home when very young, his escape from his captor, his life in a circus, and the many exciting adventures of his school days. Florence Scovel Shinn has illustrated the book.

The Mystery of Sleep. By John Bigelow.

The first edition of this book appeared in 1896. The present edition has been rewritten and much enlarged. Mr. Bigelow's argument is that sleep is not merely a restoration of wasted physical energies, but a period in which man's nobler self is made receptive for the flow of divine life into the spirit.

Lady Rose's Daughter. By Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Mrs. Ward's new novel, which has been running serially in *Harper's Magazine*. After glancing at the title and the name of the author, it is perhaps superfluous to add that the story is an English one. Its theme is the insane jealousy of a very old lady for her young companion, who supplants her in the hearts and in the minds of friends who have frequented Lady Henry's salon for a number of years. Some comment on this book appears in the Chronicle of this number.

In the Garden of Charity. By Basil King.

This is an entirely different type of story from *Let No Man Put Asunder*. It is a love story of the Nova Scotian coast, in which Charity Pennland, the daughter of a sea captain, is the heroine.

Six Trees. By Mary E. Wilkins Freeman.

A collection of short sketches in which Mrs. Wilkins Freeman, as she now calls herself, blends the associations of the New England trees with the life of the people depicted.

Putnam Place. By Grace Lathrop Collin.

The story of a neighbourhood called "Putnam Place," where everybody knows everybody else, and where the small happenings of every-day life are of tremendous importance to the dwellers therein.

Holt and Company:

Money and Banking. By William A. Scott, Ph.D.

Professor Scott calls his book an introduction to the study of modern currencies. "The present book," he says, "is the outcome of ten years' experience in teaching large classes in the University of Wisconsin, and is presented to the public in the hope that students in other institutions as well as the average citizen who wishes to understand this subject may find it useful."

Tioba. By Arthur Colton.

A collection of short stories by the author of *The Delectable Mountain*. "Tioba" is the story of a mountain and of a man who "didn't act the way he ought." There are ten other tales in the volume.

Lord Leonard the Luckless. By W. E. Norris.

In this novel, Mr. W. E. Norris has written a story after the manner of his first books, *Matrimony* and *No New Thing*. It is a story of English life with some tragic episodes and some humorous ones.

In Piccadilly. By Benjamin Swift.

A satire of London society, written in quite a different vein from *The Game of Love* and *The Tormentor*. The book cannot be recommended to the young or to the unsophisticated.

The Great Siberian Railway from St. Petersburg to Pekin. By Michael Myers Shoemaker.

Mr. Shoemaker gives a description of his journey last spring from Petersburg to Pekin, with a detour to Korea. He has not attempted to write of politics or prisons, but has restricted his work to a description of the railway and the country through which it passes.

Knickerbocker Press:

The Gates of Silence with Interludes of Song. By Robert Loveman.

A book of verse by one of the contributors to the magazines. Mr. Loveman also published a book of poems in 1896 and another in 1900.

Lane:

Truth. (Vérité.) By Émile Zola. Translated by Ernest A. Vizetelly.

The third of the group of novels called "The Four Evangelists" to which *Labour* and *Fruitfulness* belong. The plot is virtually a resetting of the Dreyfus case. A review of this book will be found in a forthcoming number of THE BOOKMAN.

The Light Behind. By Mrs. Wilfrid Ward.

A new novel by the author of *One Poor Scruple*, in which Catholicism plays an important part.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Making of Our Middle Schools. By Elmer Ellsworth Brown, Ph.D.

An account of the development of secondary education in the United States by the Professor of Theory and Practice

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of Education in the University of California.

By the Ramparts of Jezreel. By Arnold Davenport.

The story opens in the city of Samaria, and it deals almost entirely with Biblical characters.

The Theory and Practice of the English Government. By Thomas Francis Moran, Ph.D.

The author is professor of History and Economics in Purdue University, and the purpose of the book is to place before American readers a concise account of the theory and practice of the English government.

Karl of Erbash. A Tale of Lichenstein and Solgau. By H. C. Bailey.

Longman's Magazine published this story under the title "Prince Karl," but the title had to be changed because of Mr. Archibald Clavering Gunter's play of the same name.

McClure, Phillips and Company:

The Chameleon. By James Weber Linn.

A novel of every-day life, in which the author makes a study of the character of a man who acts the hypocrite and the liar in order to make himself appear of greater importance. Mr. Linn is also the author of *The Second Generation.* The present book is not by any means an ordinary novel, and for further notice of it, see the review published elsewhere in this number.

Lees and Leaven. By Edward W. Townsend.

This is a New York story of to-day, by the creator of *Chimmie Fadden.* Newspaper circles, Wall Street, the Rialto, and the tenements form the background.

The Squireen. By Shan F. Bullock.

A novel of the North of Ireland, in which an exceedingly headstrong herd dominates everything.

Youth. By Joseph Conrad.

A volume of three adventurous tales, the other two of which are entitled "Heart of Darkness" and "The End of the Tether." One English critic has gone so far as to say that *Youth* is "sufficient to place the author with the foremost writers of fiction in any language."

True Love. By Edith Wyatt.

The author describes this book as a comedy of the affections. It is a light, readable story about people of to-day.

The Posy Ring. A Book of Verse for Children. Edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin and Nora Archibald Smith.

The verses in this volume have been chosen and classified with great care by the editors, under the following headings: "A Year's Windfalls," "The Child's World," "Hiawatha's Chickens," "The Flower Folk," "Hiawatha's Brothers," "Other Little Children," "Play-Time," "Story-Time," "Bed-Time," "For Sunday's Child," "Bells of Christmas." This is a companion volume to *Golden Numbers.*

The Prayers of Dr. Samuel Johnson.

W. A. Bradley has edited this little volume, and William Jordan has done the decorative work. A portrait of Dr. Johnson by Sir Joshua Reynolds is used as a frontispiece.

Anna of the Five Towns. By Arnold Bennett.

Mr. Bennett has written a novel of considerable power, and one which has already been likened to *The House with the Green Shutters.* Anna is the daughter of a miser, prominent in a Methodist Church, and the five towns are situated in the pottery districts of England.

Macmillan:

A Woman's Hardy Garden. By Helena Rutherfurd Ely.

Another book on gardens. The illustrations are from photographs taken in the author's garden by Professor C. F. Chandler. "This little book," explains the preface, "is only meant to tell briefly of a few shrubs, hardy perennials, biennials, and annuals of simple culture."

Happiness. By Carl Hilty.

A collection of essays on the meaning of life, translated by Francis Greenwood Peabody, Professor of Christian Morals in Harvard University, Cambridge. Carl Hilty was born at Chur, Switzerland, and since 1874 he has been Professor of Constitutional Law in the University of Berne. The essays should prove healthy and helpful reading.

The Prose Works of William Makepeace Thackeray. The Paris Sketch Book. Edited by Walter Jerrold, with illustrations by Charles E. Brock.

A new volume in the Dent edition of Thackeray. A portrait of Thackeray taken from a bust by N. N. Burnard is used as a frontispiece.

The Story of Siena and San Gimignano. By Edmund G. Gardner.

An imported volume, illustrated by Helen M. James, and with many reproductions from the works of painters and sculptors. The book is intended to "provide a popular history of the great Republic of Siena, in such a form that it can also serve as a guide-book to that most fascinating of Tuscan cities and its neighbourhood."

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A Few of Hamilton's Letters. Selected by Gertrude Atherton.

In an introduction, Mrs. Atherton says "that this selection has been made with a view to throw as much light as possible on the *man*. They reveal him in many of his moods, and although they have not, in every case, the high literary quality peculiar to his great reports and pamphlets, a few, the letter to Laurens, describing the capture and death of André, for instance, could hardly be improved upon." The description of the great West Indian hurricane of 1772 will be found among the letters.

The Grey Wig. By I. Zangwill.

A collection of short stories which have not before been published. In addition to the story which gives the title to the volume, there are "Chassé Croisé," "The Woman Beater," "The Eternal Feminine," "The Big Bow Mystery," and "Merely Mary Ann." The name of Israel Zangwill as a story writer is closely associated with the Ghetto of London.

Laws of Ancient Rome. By Thomas Babington Macaulay.

One of the small imported books which the Macmillans bring out from time to time. The first edition of this work was published in 1842.

From the Unvarying Star. By Elsworth Lawson.

The scene of this novel is laid in Yorkshire, where the author lives. The hero is a young minister whose sister has committed a social fault. He keeps his sister's secret, and he is slandered in consequence.

Ostermoor and Company:

The Witchery of Sleep. Compiled by Willard Moyer.

The compiler begins with the allegorical and mythological literature on the subject of sleep, and he conducts the reader through the realms of sleep from the earliest times to the present day. In addition to this, the book contains a symposium of sleep by such persons as Chauncey M. Depew, Thomas A. Edison, Edward Everett Hale, Nat C. Goodwin, Dr. Cyrus Edson, and Wu Ting Fang.

Pott and Company:

Robert Louis Stevenson.

This volume belongs to the series of Bookman Biographies which are being brought out by Messrs. Pott and Company. The book contains over forty illustrations. Other writers who have formed the subject of these illustrated monographs are Carlyle, Dickens, and Tolstoy.

Putnam's Sons:

Experiments on Animals. By Stephen Paget. With an Introduction by Lord Lister. New and Revised Edition.

The preface tells us that for twelve years it was the author's business, as Secretary to the Association for the Advancement of Medicine by Research, to know something about experiments on animals, and to follow the working of the Act of 1876. Believing that an account of these experiments, and of the conditions imposed upon them by the Act, might serve a useful purpose, he proposed to the Council that he should write a book on the subject, which should be prepared for general reading. This proposition was accepted.

The American Republic and Its Government. By James Albert Woodburn.

An analysis of the government of the United States with a consideration of its fundamental principles and of its relations to the States and Territories, by the Professor of American History and Politics in the Indiana University. "It is the purpose of this book," writes the author, "to attempt an addition to the works designed for the encouragement of the study of American politics. This volume has to do with the original principles of the Republic as announced by the Fathers in the struggle for Independence, and with the principal institutions and organs of government created by the Constitution."

Augustus Cæsar and the Organisation of the Empire of Rome. By John B. Firth, B.A.

A new volume in the series "The Heroes of the Nations." The author has attempted to give a clear account of what Augustus achieved in the establishment of the Roman Empire, and at the same time to reveal the man, in so far as he reveals himself by his actions.

Rand, McNally and Company:

Hand-Loom Weaving. By Mattie Phipps Todd.

This is a manual for school and home, and Alice W. Cooley has written the introduction.

The Sunbonnet Babies' Primer. By Eulalie Osgood Grover.

An attractive book for the little ones, with coloured pictures, and music by W. H. Neidlinger, composer of music for kindergartens.

Eskimo Stories. By Mary E. Smith.

The story of Eskimo life as it is actually lived in the far North is given in this volume for children in the primary grades. The book is profusely illustrated by Howard V. Brown.

A Child's Garden of Verse. By Robert Louis Stevenson.

This is the first time, we understand, that Stevenson's verses have been published in this form, that is, as a supple-

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mentary reader for the primary grades. There are sixty-one illustrations in the book, by Miss Mars and Miss Squire.

Russell:

Abenike Caldwell. A Burlesque Historical Novel. By Carolyn Wells.

Many readers will find amusement in Miss Wells's humorous burlesque, and they will doubtless find it a pleasant antidote to the modern historical novel. The book is illustrated with a series of old wood-cuts printed from the original blocks.

Lives of the Haunted. By Oscar H. Von Gottschalck.

A collection of pictures in colour, accompanied by amusing rhymes.

A Century of Sonnets. By S. B. Herrick.

Among the poets represented in this collection of sonnets are Wordsworth, Dante, Spenser, Shakespeare, the Brownings, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Petrarch, Burns, Byron, Holmes, Longfellow, Keats, and many others. The book is bound in white and gold.

Emblemland. By John Kendrick Bangs and Charles Raymond Macauley.

An illustrated book written in a humorous vein, and intended primarily for the young reader.

Scribner's Sons:

The Meaning of Pictures. By John C. Van Dyke.

Six lectures which were given for Columbia University at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The author has dedicated them to William Crary Brownell. The book contains many illustrations. The six subjects are: "Truth in Painting," "Individuality, or the Personal Element," "Imagination of the Artist," "Pictorial Poetry," "The Decorative Quality," and "Subject in Painting."

Calvert of Strathore. By Carter Goodloe.

A romantic novel of the France of 1789. It is an attractively bound book of nearly four hundred pages, with a frontispiece in colour, done by Howard Chandler Christy.

The Turquoise Cup. By Arthur Cosslett Smith.

This is a companion volume to *The Monk and the Dancer,* by the same author, and it contains two stories, "The Turquoise Cup" and "The Desert." Mr. Smith's stories are somewhat out of the ordinary.

The Better Sort. By Henry James.

Under this title Mr. James has collected together eleven short stories, among them being "Broken Wings," "The Beldonald Holbein," "The Two Faces," "The Story In It," "The Beast in the Jungle," "The Birthplace," and "The Papers."

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Literary Pilgrimages in New England. By Edwin M. Bacon.

A most interesting book about the homes of famous makers of American literature. The author has made pilgrimages to their haunts and the scenes of their writings, and he has accompanied his text with a large number of photographs and other illustrations. A map showing the route pursued is used as a frontispiece.

Stokes Company:

Letters of an Actress.

Books of this character generally appear anonymously, therefore this one is no exception to the general rule. At the request of the author, it is stated by one of her friends that she is an actress, that the people mentioned in the "letters" do exist, and that the events have actually taken place.

The Star Dreamer. By Agnes and Egerton Castle.

It seems a long time since *The Secret Orchard* appeared, and the persons who found that a charming story will not be disappointed in *The Star Dreamer,* which has already been pronounced the best novel that the Castles have written. A review of this book will be found elsewhere in this issue.

Studio Library:

Representative Art of Our Time. Parts II. and III.

These portfolios contain original etchings and lithographs, also reproductions of oil and water-colour paintings and pastels. Part II. contains an introduction by Joseph Pennell on "The Modern Aspect of Artistic Lithography," and Part III. an introduction by Percy Bate on "The Future Development of Oil Painting."

Wessels Company:

Barbizon Days. By Charles Sprague Smith.

The author does not consider these sketches art criticism, although he hopes that they will make clearer the relation between nature and art. The book is beautifully illustrated, and it is divided into five parts: "The Forest of Fontainebleau," "Millet," "Corot," "Rousseau," "Barye."

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Ferris and Leach:

The Doubhobors. By Joseph Elkington.

An illustrated book about the Russian Quakers, their history in Russia, their migration to Canada. The publishers announce that all the proceeds from its sale book will go toward the education of the Doubhobors.

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Sally Wister's Journal. A True Narrative. Being a Quaker Maiden's Account of her Experiences with Officers of the Continental Army—1777—1778. Edited by Albert Cook Myers.

Sally Wister, according to the publishers, began to keep this journal in September, 1777, intended for her friend Deborah Norris, who, in later years, as the wife of Dr. George Logan, was celebrated as one of the most beautiful and highly cultured social leaders of the then capital city of Philadelphia. This journal was continued at intervals, as matters of interest occurred, until the following June, when the British evacuated Philadelphia and the Wisters returned to their own home.

Holman and Company:

Explorations in Bible Lands During the 19th Century. By H. V. Hilprecht.

The editor explains in the preface that this book is intended to fill a serious gap in our modern literature by presenting in a systematic but popular form a fascinating subject, equal in importance to the Bible student, historian, archæologist, and philologist. The volume contains nearly two hundred illustrations and four maps.

Lippincott Company:

A Tar-Heel Baron. By Mabell Shippie Clarke Pelton.

A novel of North Carolina, in which the strange figure of the Baron is conspicuous. The illustrations by Edward Stratton Holloway are drawn from scenes in the Baron's neighbourhood.

Research Publishing Company:

The Light of China. The Tâo King of Lâo Tsze: 604-504, B.C. By I. W. Heysinger, M.A., M.D.

According to the title page, this book is "an accurate metrical rendering, translated directly from the Chinese text, and critically compared with the standard translations, the ancient and modern Chinese commentaries, and all accessible authorities."

BOSTON, MASS.

Clark Publishing Company:

On Satan's Mount. By Dwight Tilton.

A sensational novel which is commented upon in the Chronicle of the present number.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

A Daughter of the Pit. By Margaret Doyle Jackson.

This is Mrs. Jackson's first novel, and it deals with the people of the coal mines, which sounds very much as though she had made herself familiar with Zola's *Germinal.* The publishers say that the memory of long daily journeys to and from school, the picturesqueness of the colliers trooping home of an evening with their bright, sharp picks glancing under the lamplight, inspired Mrs. Jackson to write this book. A portrait of Mrs. Jackson appears in the Chronicle and Comment of the current number.

American Diplomacy in the Orient. By John W. Foster.

In this volume the author shows the part which the United States has taken, and the position it now occupies in respect to the political, commercial, and race questions in the Orient. Mr. Foster's earlier book, *A Century of American Diplomacy,* is now in its seventh edition.

Mutual Book Company:

Mrs. McPiggs of the Very Old Scratch. A Half-Grown Novel by Frank C. Voorhies.

A parody on *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch,* which perhaps may be considered amusing by some persons. Mr. Voorhies is also the author of *Love Letters of an Irishwoman* and *Reflections of Bridget McNulty.*

AUSTIN, TEXAS.

The Texas State Historical Association:

The Quarterly of the Texas State Historical Association. Volume V.

BALTIMORE, MD.

Friedenwald Company:

Optimism and Pessimism in the Old and New Testaments. By Adolf Guttmacher, Ph.D.

The author admits in his preface that the subject of his investigation is too broad and too complex to receive exhaustive treatment within the pages of one volume. The many problems involved in the investigation have been discussed in an impartial philosophical spirit, uninfluenced by theological bias.

Jewish Ceremonial Institutions and Customs. By William Rosenau, Ph.D.

This volume is based upon lectures which the author delivered before the Oriental Seminary of the Johns Hopkins University in the winter of 1901.

BETHLEHEM, PA.

With the Lepers in Surinam.

A copy of this pamphlet has been sent to THE BOOKMAN, with the announcement that it will be sent to any one addressing the Reverend Henry T. Weiss, 12 Church Street, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania.

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CHICAGO, ILL.

Seymour:

Twelve Songs by Maurice Maeterlinck. With Illustrations by Charles Doudelet. Translated from the French by Martin Schutze.

In a Foreword, we are told that "the twelve poems that are reproduced in this volume are the echoes of the struggles that have come to a splendid ending in the 'Treasure,' to which he has given voice out of the fulness of his new knowledge." The book is artistic in appearance, and will be welcomed by the admirers of Maeterlinck's work.

The Song of Demeter and Persephone. In Homeric Hymn. Walter Pater's Translation.

A tiny book, bound in black and gold, which bears the imprint of Ralph Fletcher Seymour.

Paulo and Francesca. A Translation by Leigh Hunt. From Canto V, the Inferno of Dante Alighieri in the Triple Rhyme of the Original. With the Italian from the edition of G. Barbera and a literal translation newly made for this edition by Katherine Reed. Together with a Commentary from the Writings of Leigh Hunt.

An elaborate edition of this poem, which the publisher dedicates to Otis Skinner.

The Art of the People. By William Morris.

An address which William Morris delivered before the Birmingham Society of Arts, February 19, 1879. This edition is the first book in which is used the type designed by and cast for Mr. Seymour.

CLINTON, N. Y.

Cedarine Allen Company:

Uncle George's Letters to the Garcia Club. By George H. Allen.

The Garcia Club is composed of twenty American boys, and it is the publisher of *The Garcia Monthly Magazine,* to which "Uncle George's Letters" were written. The letters are concerned principally with Uncle George's trip to the Philippines.

LONDON.

Dent and Company:

Written in Florence. By Hugh McCulloch.

The last verses of Mr. McCulloch, the author of *The Quest of Heracles.* The volume contains a portrait of the author, taken from a painting by Stephen Hills Parker.

NOTRE DAME, IND.

The Ave Maria:

A Royal Son and Mother. By Baroness Pauline Von Hugel.

This small volume is the biography of Prince Demetrius Gallitzin, the "pioneer priest of the Alleghenies," and is republished from the pages of the *Ave Maria.*

RINGOS, N. J.

Fonic Publishing House:

Hwot is the Sol? Haz the Dog a Sol? By C. W. Larisun, M.D.

We notice that the catalogue in which these publishers advertise their books is printed in sane English.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

Herder:

The Discoveries of the Norsemen in America. With Special Relation to Their Early Cartographical Representation. By Joseph Fischer, S. J.

The author of this book is Professor of Geography at the Jesuit College, Feldkirch, Austria, and the translator, Basil H. Soulsby, B.A., is Superintendent of the Map Room in the British Museum. The frontispiece gives in facsimile the title page of the Wolfegg Ptolemy Manuscript. There are also other illustrations in the book, of interest to persons familiar with cartography.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Robertson:

The Humpback, The Cripple, and The One-Eyed Man By Lionel Josaphare.

This rather remarkable title describes a paper-covered book containing a collection of poems on the "State of Labour." It is a relief to note that "poetry can contemplate physical misery and lose none of its own elemental grandeur, if it is true and intrinsically divine." This valuable information is imparted by the author in his preface.

STAUNTON, VA.

Schultz:

The Gay Gordons. Ballads of an Ancient Scottish Clan. Edited with Introduction by Armisted C. Gordon.

This small book of verse is limited to two hundred and fifty copies.

WASHINGTON.

Government Printing Office:

Tsimshian Texts. By Franz Boas.

This is Bulletin 27 in the Publications of the Bureau of American Ethnology, of which J. W. Powell is the Director.

Neale Publishing Company:

Under the Darkness of the Night. By Ellen Chazal Chapeau.

An historical romance, the scenes of which are laid in the northwestern part of the West Indian Island.

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SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH.

New books in order of demand as sold between February and March, 1903.

We guarantee the authenticity of the following lists as supplied to us, each by leading booksellers in the towns mentioned:

NEW YORK, DOWNTOWN.

1. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Intrusions of Peggy. Hope. (Harper.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Luncheons. Ronald. (Century Co.) $1.40 net.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
4. The Octopus. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Master of Appleby. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
4. The Reflections of Ambrosine. Glyn. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
2. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Cecilia. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Love Lyrics. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.25.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Woman's Hardy Garden. Ely. (Macmillan.) $1.75 net.
2. Social Unrest. Brooks. (Macmillan.) $1.50 net.
3. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
4. Americans in Process. Woods. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50 net.
5. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
3. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25.
4. The Eternal City. Caine. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Castle Craneycrow. McCutcheon. (Stone.) $1.50.
6. Journeys End. Forman. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEX.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25.

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DENVER, COL.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Right Princess. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Four Feathers. Mason. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.08.
2. The Little White Bird. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.08.
3. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.08.
4. The Conqueror. Atherton. (Macmillan.) $1.08.
5. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.08.
6. The Blazed Trail. White. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.08.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Right Princess. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Up From Slavery. Washington. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50 net.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Last Word. Macgowan. (Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Master of Appleby. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Pride of Tellfair. Peake. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Master of Appleby. Lynde. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. A Speckled Bird. Wilson. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
4. Bayou Triste. Nicholls. (Barnes.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Wanted: A Chaperon. Ford. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $2.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
4. A Virginia Girl in the Civil War. Avary. (Appleton.) $1.25.
5. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
6. Lovey Mary. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Hound of the Baskervilles. Doyle. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Reflections of Ambrosine. Glyn. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Pride of Tellfair. Peake. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Pinturicchio. Ricci. (Lippincott.) $20.00.

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PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Master of Warlock. Eggleston. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
4. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
5. For a Maiden Brave. Hotchkiss. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Conquest. Dye. (McClurg.) $1.50.
3. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Confessions of a Wife. Adams. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Oregon Literature. Hornes. (Gill.) $1.00 net.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Circle. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Journeys End. Forman. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
4. Six Trees. Wilkins-Freeman. (Harper.) $1.25.
5. Calvert of Strathore. Goodloe. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. For a Maiden Brave. Hotchkiss. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $2.00.
6. The Turquoise Cup. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.25.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Right Princess. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) $1.5 .
4. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Founder of Mormonism. Riley. (Dodd, Mead & Co.) $1.50 net.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Seedy Gentleman. Robertson. (Robertson.) $1.50 net.
5. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Fortunes of Oliver Horn. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Blue Flower. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.25.

TOLEDO, O.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Mississippi Bubble. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
6. Hearts Courageous. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Morang.) $1.50.
2. An Old Sweetheart of Mine. Riley. (McLeod & Allen.) $2.00.
3. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Briggs.) 75 cents.
4. The Blazed Trail. White. (Morang.) $1.50.
5. The Confessions of a Wife. Adams. (Copp-Clark Co.) $1.25.
6. Moth and Rust. Cholmondeley. (Morang Co.) $1.50.

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TUCSON, ARIZ.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Glengarry School Days. Connor. (Revell Co.) $1.25.
5. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hegan. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50.
5. Donna Diana. Bagot. (Longmans, Green & Co.) $1.50.
6. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
2. Journeys End. Forman. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50.
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50.
4. The Two Vanrevels. Tarkington. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.50.
5. The Simple Life. Wagner. (McClure, Phillips & Co.) $1.00.
6. Nonsense Anthology. Wells. (Scribner.) $1.25.

From the above lists the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

						POINTS
A book standing	1st	on any list			receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Pit. Norris. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50	259
2. The Virginian. Wister. (Macmillan.) $1.50	120
3. Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to his Son. Lorimer. (Small, Maynard & Co.) $1.50	115
4. Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. Hogan. (Century Co.) $1.00	107
5. The Leopard's Spots. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page & Co.) $1.50	37
6. The Spenders. Wilson. (Lothrop.) $1.50	34

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